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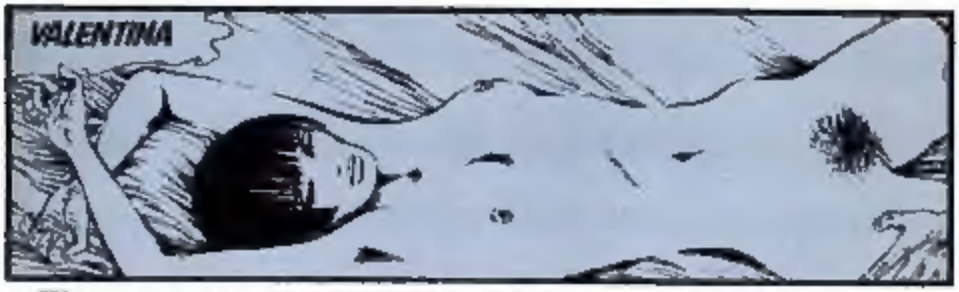
Billy Likes Naked Girls



Why Billy likes naked girls, is not really what this piece is all about. But, if one is to edit a magazine like *Heavy Metal*, one must confront the facts. Boys like girls with no clothes on. And, for that matter, girls like boys scantily clad, too. But, since our readership is 95% male, the latter, unfortunately, does not often pertain to the situation at hand. Now, how does a woman, a practicing feminist, feed this wanton hunger, without compromising her own beliefs? It's not easy. There's got to be a happy medium somewhere.

The fantasy aspect is what we're pushing here, but if what most of you want is bare limbs, then we'll give you that, too. In this issue, for instance, we have the second episode of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem." After his last series, "Valentina" (which began in the Dec. '80 *HM*), readers wrote in from all over the globe demanding more of his stuff. "Boy, he sure knows how to draw great asses," is one quote that comes to mind. After a worldwide search, utilizing the cunning wiles of thousands of our staff members (who were all on payroll, we might add), *HM* happened upon the enclosed strip. We loved it. But "Wait," the staffers wailed, "there's no t & a! You can't have Crepax without lotsa t & a."

Hmmmm. We thought about it. And we thought. And we thought. And we decided it was okay. This strip is so sexy with the forties tone, and the political intrigue *and* the "great asses," that at worst, you're turned on just a bit. You see, Billy does like naked girls, but he likes this strip, too.

—Jube Simmons-Lynch

GIRL
IN HER LIFE, ALL THE OFFENDERS OF HUMAN MORESS AND THE MISTAKES OF THE HUMAN HEART WERE MADE AGAIN. IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST A SLIGHT VARIATION ON NATURE'S PERHAPS TOO-OFTEN-TOLD STORY, IF NOT FOR HER REALIZATION OF HER OWN MORTALITY AND THE LESSON, CONCLUDED THAT EACH HUMAN BEING IS UNIQUE, SHARING ONLY THE LONELINESS THAT KEEPS THEM FOREVER APART.
PRAYING FOR IMMORTALITY, AND FEARING IT, SHE STOOD UNDER THE TWIN MOONS OF A MAN-MADE PLANET WALKING OF MILLIONS FROM EARTH.
NO TEARS CAME. NO PRIDE OR SELF-PITY. SHE KNEW THAT WHEN PARADISE HOMED FURTHER INTO THE VASTNESS SHE WOULD GO, TOO.
THE SPACE STATIONS WERE NOT YET UP WHEN SHE WAS BORN... BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAD ALREADY SEEN THE FUTURE AND ITS MONSTROUS POSSIBILITIES. SHE WOULD CHANGE IN THAT FUTURE BECAUSE OF HER PARENTS, THEY GAVE HER LOVE.
SHE FOUND THE BOYS AND SOMEHOW THE OTHERS WHEN GROWING UP BECAME A GERMS OF HELLOS. SHE HATED THE BLOOD-TYES, BUT THEY HAPPENED, TOO.
© JOHN A. CORLISS '82
JUST AS THOSE IN HER LIFE LIVED WITHIN HER, SO SHE WOULD EXIST IN SOME FUTURE TIME. SHE WAS HUMAN.

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DOSSIER

NUVINYL: Fossil Fools

Conventional wisdom has it that rock 'n' roll is a young man's game. Fishfarts, of course, as a look at the age stats of any current stadium/arena-filling woolly mammoth will tell you. While post-adolescent body chemistry might perhaps fuel its ignition, the will to rock now seems less one age group's acne-like cultural outbreak than the natural rhythm and blues of all generations born since the Second World War.

The Who's Peter Townshend said (in an excellent two-part *Musician Magazine* interview last summer) that "rock doesn't have an established, dignified way to absorb its heroes into old age"—but that's only part of the story. More precisely, it's a person's attitude toward aging that matters, rather than any simple bit of role-wilderness trailblazing, and whether the artist (or listener, for that matter) presumes maturity brings with it a petrifaction of tastes. ("Now that I'm an adult, I know what I like!"—and how many baby-boomers do you know most comfortable with music of their high school/college years?) Yeah, old Pete's the guy who once wrote, "Hope I die before I get old," and in a sense his wish came true. As much as I like(d) the Who (and admire Townshend's personal courage and insight), the band hasn't done anything of real interest in more than a decade. Have they simply run out of ideas? (Not unheard of.) Their last half-dozen albums have consistently failed to engage my fickle attention for more than a week, and the few memorable moments seem easily attributable to nostalgic knee-jerks. Bringing me (reluctantly) to **The Who**'s fifteenth and latest, ***It's Hard*** (Warner Bros.). Actually, it ain't bad (also thought that about last year's *Face Dances* while reviewing it, and haven't listened to it since). While the title cut's their best tune since 1978's "Who Are You" (itself their first good one in years), it also points up the band's essential dilemma: they're at their best and their worst when new songs actively summon up the ghosts of old ones, which (yeah) is trading on cheap nostalgia, but it's also (yeah!) the only time their juices get flowing. It's a dilemma Townshend's painfully aware of.

The Who: get these guys some wheelchairs!

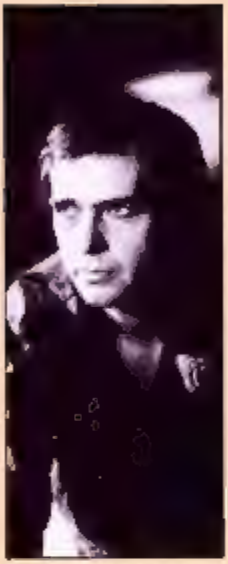
Lou Reed's got something of the same problem. His solo career has always seemed a shabby TV-movie remake of his Velvet Underground years, full of embarrassing miscasting and unconvincing melodrama (with Lou as the Beaver). Until ***The Blue Mask*** (RCA) and he damn well knows he can't win, either. Maybe the band's announced vacation will help.

"Last year's return of Robert Wyatt nearly made 1991 worth living through."

That is, the Rock 'n' Roll Animal's first post-Velvet rock-filler that doesn't sound like it was recorded at gunpoint. Of course, it wouldn't be a true LR album without a selection of twilight zoney numbers where Lou's Nixonian seriousness is matched only by the songs' bland imbecility, begging a Mensa-test question about the singer/writer's true intentions. On *The Blue Mask*, however, forceful emotional conviction (at last!) rules through it all like an ice-cold, Rod Serling voice-over bursting into hysteria. Good show, Lou. What happened?

Both **Bill Nelson** and Peter Gabriel abandoned their respective ascendant star-vehicles (Be-Bop Deluxe and Genesis) just before becoming consumed in the fire. Undoubtedly, it was the best move both of them ever made. Nelson's double-LP ***The Love That Whirls (Diary of a Thinking Heart)*** (PVC-Jem)—his first stateside release in more than three years—shows just how much he's grown since his always-stretching-seldom-reaching Be-Bop days. He's honed his vision along with his band (now a self-contained solo, for the most part), and achieved the formerly-frequent brittle edges with skin-smoothin sensuality and soaring romanticism. That along with a charming new flirtation with melodic orientalisms all add up to a record of warmth, humanity, and sublime surprise—one of my favorites of the year (also recommended: the subsequent ***Flaming Desire and Other Passions*** mini-

Mr. Gabriel, I presume?



Peter Gabriel's quartet of post-progressive solo excursions have described a rainbow arc of personal growth. This year's model, called—like all the rest, **Peter Gabriel** (Geffen), sinks the crooner/composer/ethnologist cortex-deep in a Jon Hassell-influenced, viscerally proto-rock soup. Like some recent Talking Heads stuff, Gabriel occasionally takes his black-like-me mind-worldisms a bit too seriously, but the sure-handed sculpting of sound and breathtaking rhythmic tumpling easily compensate.

Import of the Month

Last year's return of **Robert Wyatt** to the recording studio nearly made 1981 worth living through. Original drummer with the pioneering Soft Machine and later Matching Mole (hint: look it up in a frog dictionary), Wyatt fell from a window in 1972 and has been confined to a wheelchair since. Other than his post-accident *Rock Bottom* (which is, as far as I'm concerned, one of the best fucking albums ever recorded), the more elusive *Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard* (both available on an import Virgin double-pack), and some guest shots on other people's sessions, Wyatt's been pretty much on the sidelines for the better part of a decade. **Nothing Can Stop Us** (Rough Trade UK) collects his past year's singles, and while lacking an LP's unity, it's a great hunk of plastic. Released subsequently is the best single of the bunch, "Shipbuilding"/"Memories of You" (the former an Elvis Costello number, the latter by Eubie Blake). His cracked chirpboy voice does it to me every time. (Write: Rough Trade, 326 6th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

Has-been Platters I Could Only Get through Once...

H2O, Hall and Oates (RCA); *Utopia* (Network); *Winds of Change*, Jefferson Starship; *The Nightfly*, Donald Fagen (Warner Bros.); *Zipper Catches Skin*, Alice Cooper (Warner Bros); *The Lords of the New Church* (IRS); *Night and Day*, Joe Jackson (A&M); *Taking Back to the Night*, Steve Winwood (Island).

Some I Couldn't Bear to Listen to...

Get Closer, Linda Ronstadt (Asylum); *The Perfect Stranger*, Jesse Colin Young (Elektra); *I Can't Stand Still*, Don Henley (Asylum); *No Fun Aloud*, Glenn Frey (Asylum); and, of course, *Eagles Greatest Hits Volume II* (Asylum). I don't think anything I would have to say about these porkers would be worth the pain of having to listen to them.

—Lou Stathis

RAVEYARD

After live audiences of 60,000 in Shea Stadium or 500,000 in Central Park, what does a rock megastar do for an encore? They track their dinosaur bones into the Valley of Video and syndicate concert performance "fanzine videos" for international consumption.

Remember the flickering laser light effects, pyrotechnics, and Linda McCartney's shall-we-say "scintillating" synthesizer playing on the 1977 "Wings Over America" tour? **Rockshow** (Thorn-EMI), an energetic, but uneven record of the **Paul McCartney and Wings** tour, gives you the opportunity to recapture the moment, including a nerve-grabbing acoustic "Yesterday," but at a whopping $79.95. Go for the stereo videodisc if you can (Pioneer Artists, RCA SelectaVision VideoDisc).

Simon and Garfunkel: The Concert in the Park (CBS Video Enterprises) reunites the superstars in a classic library video, directed with style and taste by Michael Lindsay-Hogg (*Let It Be*), who manages to create kineticism from Art and Paul's swaying and smiling. All the S&G hits appear, and Garfunkel brings his sugary vocals to some of Simon's solo hits as well. Event music-video at its best.

Deadheads in Radio City Music Hall? Strange surroundings for the concert video **Grateful Dead Dead Ahead** (Warner Home Video). But weirder still, is that both the Dead and their audience seem to ignore the plush, incongruous environment, and plow ahead into a musical trance. Predictable and petrified, and please beware the lame appearance of former "Saturday Night Live" buffoons Franken and Davis.

The confrontation between rock and reds breathes through **To Russia With Elton** (RCA SelectaVision VideoDisc) a curiously captivating documentary of **Elton John's** 1979, two-man tour of Russia. Performing with madman percussionist Ray Cooper, Elton's piano virtuosity and funesmanship shine, but unfortunately the audio is a bit creaky. (It's one of the earliest home videos, and it probably was sabotaged by the blue-suited KGB types who populate the exit doors of the concert hall.) Definite sock.

Enter the Valley of Video at your own risk. Most of the time, it's a place where only fans dare to tread.

—Alan Hecht

"Enter the Valley of Video at your own risk."

POP POOP

At one point, my situation went from bad to worse. I was really down for a few years—went to a mental hospital, was unemployed, laughed at, and for all intent and purposes was washed out in the industry—though I was too stubborn to quit.

Identify this man and win an autographed picture of Mick Taylor.

"The Stooges' innovative blend of psychedelic drone and metallic power rock never really propelled Iggy to his desired stardom—the group finally disintegrated in an orgy of drug abuse."

So writes **Iggy Pop** the howling dynamo who fronted the mythic, nihilistic Stooges (1967-74), and introduced an arsenal of unconventional stage props like peanut butter and broken glass. The Stooges' innovative blend of psychedelic drone and metallic power rock never really propelled Iggy to his desired stardom—the group finally disintegrated in an orgy of drug abuse following 1973's classic *Raw Power* LP, the first of many touted "comebacks"—but Mr. Pop's unrestrained exhibitionism secured his personal status in rock history. Like a punch drunk fighter who always manages to stagger to his feet just before the ten-count, Iggy's career history has a fascinating undercurrent of masochistic determination—and now he's weighing in with a collectable book of recollections, ***I Need More*** (Karz-Cohl), and a new LP, ***Zombie Birdhouse*** (Animal/Chrysalis).

Iggy in action: just another exhibitionistic asshole?

photograph by **Bernard Gilson**

The tellingly titled *I Need More* is less an organized autobiography, than a random sampling of tape-recorded anecdotes that fully captures Iggy's distinctive Midwestern patois. Profusely illustrated, the text traces his love/hate affair with band members, the music industry, and society, but zips out miserably on the motivations behind his legendary behavior. As such, *I Need More* is woefully incomplete, and its serious lack of name-dropping and kiss-and-tell render it inconsequential to all but the truly cultist.

Pop's latest platter, *Zombie Birdhouse*, is far more intriguing—an adventurously uneven melange of rock, ballads, avant-tribal rhythmics and cowboy crooning. With a sympathetic new label and producer Chris (Blondie) Stein, Iggy has cracked the gotta-gotta-hit mentality that made last year's Tommy (Monkees) Boyce-produced *Party* such a bopper. Contrast the growling heavy metal parody of "Bulldozer" with the languorous, Eno-esque guitar balladry of "Platonic," and you'll discover a performer who refuses to pander to expectations. For better or worse, Iggy Pop is stretching his skills as a songwriter and singer, hoping we'll recognize the sincerity of his "Horse Song" lyric: "I think you noticed that I don't want to be a bad guy anymore."

—David Keeps

BRIAN WHO?

Given the fact that over 50 percent of all Rolling Stones fans have no idea who Brian Jones was, one must at least appreciate the retrogressive sentiments behind such a book as ***Mandy Aftel's Death of a Rolling Stone: The Brian Jones Story*** (Delilah). However, the minimal factual content, and the reliance on third-hand hindsight immensely decreases whatever value such a book might have had. In short, anyone who was a Stones fan during Jones's tenure with the group ('62-'69) is almost certainly aware of most of the data presented here, and as far as any conclusions the author comes to, they don't hold up particularly well—even to the facts as she presents them. In the words of former Stones manager/producer, impresario Andrew Loog Oldham, what we have here is "just another fairytale."

The book's angle is the author's specialty—the psychotherapy of artists, and the research proceeds from that point of view. Her style of writing isn't exactly con-

"Brian Jones was the founder of The Rolling Stones who gradually became less and less useful to Mick and Keith."

Sean Connery on the rebound.

ductive to readability, her musical knowledge isn't strong enough to follow through her inquiries, and she is so obviously intimidated by Keith Richards, her only informative interviewee, that only a pinprick of light is shed on the subject's life and (particularly) death. Brian Jones was the founder of The Rolling Stones, who gradually became less and less useful to Mick and Keith, who ejected him, after which he died under mysterious circumstances—that much we knew. But Ms. Ariel, if you're going to get us going with sensational headlines, let's have some expository dirt to back it up!

—Jon Tiven

BONDAGE

Every red-blooded, Anglo-American male who admits he's over twenty-five will remember that icon, that potent symbol of the sixties—**James Bond**. Bond epitomized what the sixties male was supposed to be—dashing, suave, debonair, fast with a gun, and always, always with a beautiful woman on his arm. James Bond and **Sean Connery**, character and actor, were indistinguishable during that time. Thanks to a publicity machine that merchandised Bond/Connery to the hilt, Connery's face was everywhere; he was James Bond. Alas, the pressure of Bondage become too great, and Connery threw off the mantle in 1971, after *Diamonds Are Forever*.

"Now more a relic than an icon, James Bond became a cartoon show, a 30 million dollar Road Runner in drag."

Now more a relic than an icon, James Bond became tarnished with age. Portrayed first by **George Lazenby**, then by saintly **Roger Moore**, he became watered down by TV overexposure and imitation, and particularly by the fact that reality was becoming as fantastic as any of the films. Bond became a cartoon show, a 30 million dollar Road Runner in drag.

Connery, meanwhile, voiced dissatisfaction about the Moore Bonds in interviews, and then agreed to remake *Thunderball* for producers Jack Schwartzman and Kevin McClory. On September 30, 1982 filming began on Warner Bros.' ***Never Say Never Again*** (Get it?) At the same time, the last of the United Artists/Cubby Broccoli Bonds is being produced: ***Octopussy***, with Roger Moore as Bond for the sixth time.

So, the summer of '83 will be an ironic one. Connery will be in a new Bond film, competing directly with the series he helped create. And for more irony, the director of *Never*, Irvin Kershner, will be competing with *Revenge of the Jedi—Star Wars III*—after he directed the second installment, *The Empire Strikes Back*. Who will win the audience? Or will two Bonds be double double-oh-seven overkill?

—Tom Sciacca

FOURFATHERS

THE LIZARD KING AND THE KNIT JESTER

Kurt Vonnegut: Deadeye *shadow*

photograph by **Jill Krementz**

played on poorly for shrewd social commentary often delving into its Cherokee heritage to place the effluvium of American culture into a cosmic light. He had an overview. *Slum Dog* or the *Night Doesn't*. Morrison is indistinguishable from any other wired, manipulating, bullshitter who writes bad poetry while stoned and it's hard to relate to Sheila's point. There's little to separate this first-person account of boredom and neglect from a lonely, drug-induced adolescent suicide from the dozens of hokey paperback novels and films that flooded the marketplace since 1969 (even the book's too great detail is unlikely to survive). Is drug-induced circumstances? And Morrison wasn't Rimbaud, he Christ's sake! And Streets isn't yet inside Kerouac or William Burroughs or Richard Brautigan or even Rudolph Wurlitzer. He hasn't learned to control his novel-length visions. Perhaps he hasn't thought to.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. used to have this problem. His 1973 novel, *Breakfast of Champions*, was an attempt to tie all the loose ends in the web of his previous works into a company as well as many of his favorite themes. Not a bad idea but *Breakfast* was terrible. Bloated, rambling, mawkish and by my count, funny but three nineteen seventy-six's *Slapstick* was far worse, but long after his talent had been given up for dead, Vonnegut returned with 1979's *Jailbird*, a flawed but solid and mature work that did away with much of the cuteness that made his 70's novels so intolerable a step in the right direction.

Whether ***Deadeye Dick*** (Delacorte Press) is another is somewhat problematic. Vonnegut's object is the metaphor of fifty year old Rudy Waltz, one time child prodigal, fulltime native of the Iroquois Dairy to be alienated by a neutron bomb. Counting two dozen bugs in this one of prose is wry and austere. And if it wasn't in part a companion piece to *Breakfast* I would be able to give it my full recommendation.

Robert Morgan

CRYPTICA

Fishy Mission. Humidists are now planning to use the very same fish they've polluted halfway to extinction to help determine how badly they've done it and what with French biotechnologist Jean-Louis Huvé, barely restraining his gourmand's instinct to gut and marinate the little buggers has been experimenting with trout implants that French roaches, trout brains possess hypersensitive smell nodes. Fish register chemicals dissolved in water as variations in electrical pulse frequencies. Huvé hit on the idea of putting a tiny transmitter in electrodes atop fish's brains, and using his personal computer to analyze incoming frequencies. That way he is able to distinguish common pollutants like Malathion, Parathion, and mercury. It's thought his true ambition is to measure the chemical proportion of garlic in the sauce while preparing truite au bleu.

Nip Knack. Japan that friendship clever nation of honorable engineers, may be on the verge of building the world's first bionic computer. Tokyo University's Professor Shimizu has invented a simple biological motor—a propeller coated with muscle protein that rotates when ethyl trochemicals stream past. The Japanese government is investing $8 million for Shimizu to develop a "feeling robot" and a bio-computer. The machines will be given parts of the central nervous system to use as brains, storing information in actual nerve endings, instead of microchips. Sake will be kept on hand in case of nervous breakdowns.

Winged Wines. Fruit flies really know their liquor. Experiments by the University of Australia at Canberra compost heap show just what kind of connoisseurs they are. It turns out some species have a stronger need than others for the alcoholic content of rotting matter. That's how they allocate food amongst themselves, and avoid one species' competition. For instance, *Drosophila Melanogaster* head straight for composting grapes and pears, which have the highest level of ethanol, whereas *D. Busckii* prefer decaying vegetables, which is just about okay for mine's. Should you happen to no-

Magnetic Field •

cals. A longer magnet than secondaries the magnetic field

The Look Before the Leap •

a bridge in the Bay Area

of death with dignity where as the Bay Bridge to Oak

COLECOVISION™ © 1982, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

LATE IN THE HOME VIDEO GAMES ARE GOING ARCADES A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY THE NEW ATARI 5200 SYSTEM, THE IMAGIC CARTRIDGES, AND COLECOVISION'S VIDEO GAME SYSTEM. I'VE BEEN HIGH QUALITY GRAPHICS, AMAZING GAMES AND FUN IN THE NEXT FEW ISSUES I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE HOME SYSTEMS

PLAYED THREE GAMES ON THE COLECOVISION SYSTEM DONKEY KONG, BY NINTENDO

DONKEY KONG AND IT'S DUE SURE THAT'S NOT A BAD TITLE FOR AN ARCADE GAME AND HE ARE AM NOT TALKING ABOUT THE REAL HIT MONKEY MOVIE TOO SOON BUT I DOES NOT PLAY LIKE WE ARE AM GAME ON THE SESSION BE CO ON AT MY LOCAL ON ARCADE DONKEY KONG. BU ARE THAT CO AM SOME KING OF PLAY AND E THE BARREL S PE PREDICTABLE AND DO PATTERNS THAT SO VERY A BIT ONCE THEY HIT THE BRIDGE. THE APE DOESN'T EVEN BEAT HIS CHEST THE ORIGINAL GIRL MAKES MORE SOUND WHEN SHE'S SUNK A DONKEY KONG FAN

COSMIC AVENGER, ONE OF THE MANY SCRAMBLE-TYPE GAMES, FLOPPED IN THE ARCADES SURE, IT WAS LOUD AND FLASHY BUT IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PLAY OUT OF SOME HERO YOU'D BETTER YOU'LL A SPACESHIP THAT DROPS BOMBS AND SHOOTS ROCKETS AT ALIEN TILES, UFOS AND ALL THE USUAL SUSPECTS HERE DO BEEN ALREADY SEEN AND YOU'VE SEEN EVEN BETTER IN ARCADE AVENGER

COLECOVISION'S **VENTURE** WAS MY FAVORITE IT'S ONE OF THE GAMES IN ONE BE AWARE YOU, THE HERO IN THE ARE ENTER ONE OF OUR ROOMS ON FOUR OF THEM BOARDS AND EACH A NEW CHALLENGE AWAITS IN THE ROOMS, TWO HEADED MONSTERS, BATS, SERPENTS AND DRAGONS ARE JUST A FEW OF THE BEASTS YOU MUST DODGE IN THE ROOMS YOU'LL FIND THE TREASURE AND SPLIT FAST BEFORE A DEMON ENTERS AND SWIPES YOU. EACH ROOM HAS ITS OWN MUSIC ALL TOP TEN MATERIAL AND IT'S SURE TO BE ONE OF MY FAVORITE VIDEO GAME NOISES OF ALL TIME

OVERALL THE PACKAGE IS SUPERB IN EVERY WAY AND IT IS FUN. ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T USED ATARI'S 5200 SYSTEM YET, WE ON BALLY ARE TRYING TO MANIPULATE THE GRAPHICS ARE INCREDIBLE, AND THE SOUND IS LEGEND BY ARCADE STANDARDS

IF I WAS GOING TO SPEND ON A HOME VIDEO GAME SYSTEM M BUCK WOULD S DO HERE

JOHN HOLMSTROM

SICK BUT FUNNY

A brand new NATIONAL LAMPOON comedy record album including *Inside Jane Fonda Marilyn Monroe Reborn A Tribute to Jesus Christ Superstar A Night in Central Park* Apocalypso Now and other very funny bits. Featuring our new wave of outrageously talented comedy players.

It's a hilarious, sick, twisted, nasty, funny look at the world, its failings, and its future.

Now at record stores or order today by mailing the coupon and your check to us.

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New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. No. 2826

Please send me National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll, and the End of the World albums at $6.98 each. I enclose a check for $.
Please add $.75 for postage and handling.)

Name

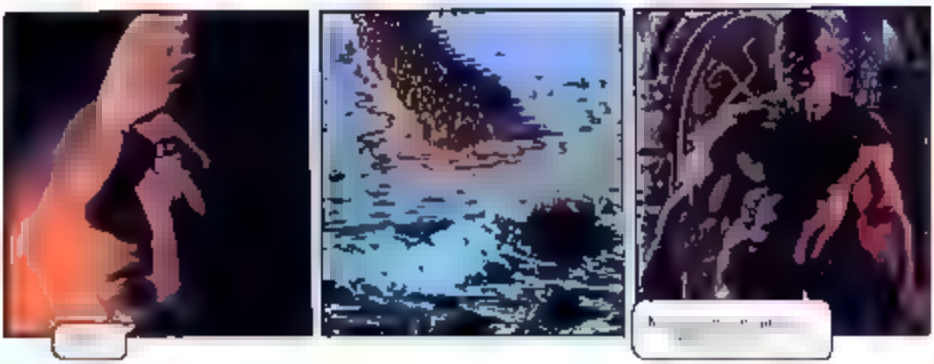
Address

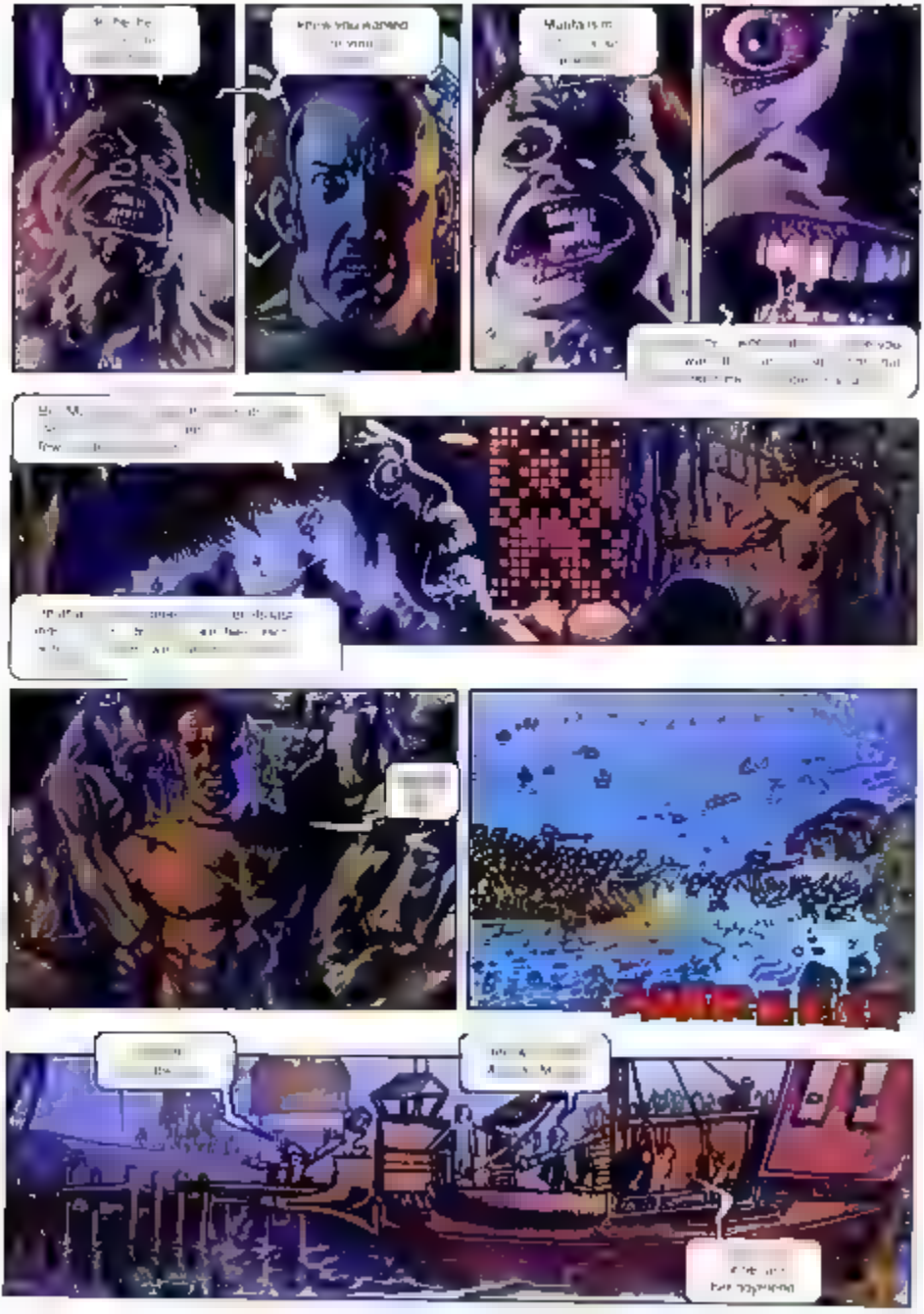
City State Zip

New York State residents: Please add 8% sales tax

Marketed by JEM Records, Inc. South Plainfield, New Jersey

DEN II





NO!!!!

KA-BRUMP!
NO NO! PLEASE NO
AAAAAGGGGH!
SSSKKRRRRRTTTCCCHH!

SLUUUURP
CRUNCH
EEAAAHH!

YAAAAAGH!
THUD
KRAK

A new Corben/Simad collaboration:
JEREMY BROOD, PART ONE:
RELATIVITY

Relativity is the first part of a projected series of three full color graphic albums. A plea for help sends Jeremy Brood to an obscure planet where pagan rituals rule. Jeremy's mission? To bring order and civilization to the natives.

Jeremy Brood is now available through Heavy Metal for the low price of $5.95 (plus $1.50 for postage and handling). Order today!

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Please send me ____ copy (ies) of Richard Corben's new book *Jeremy Brood, Relativity*. I have enclosed $5.95 (plus $1.50 for postage and handling) per book.

Name

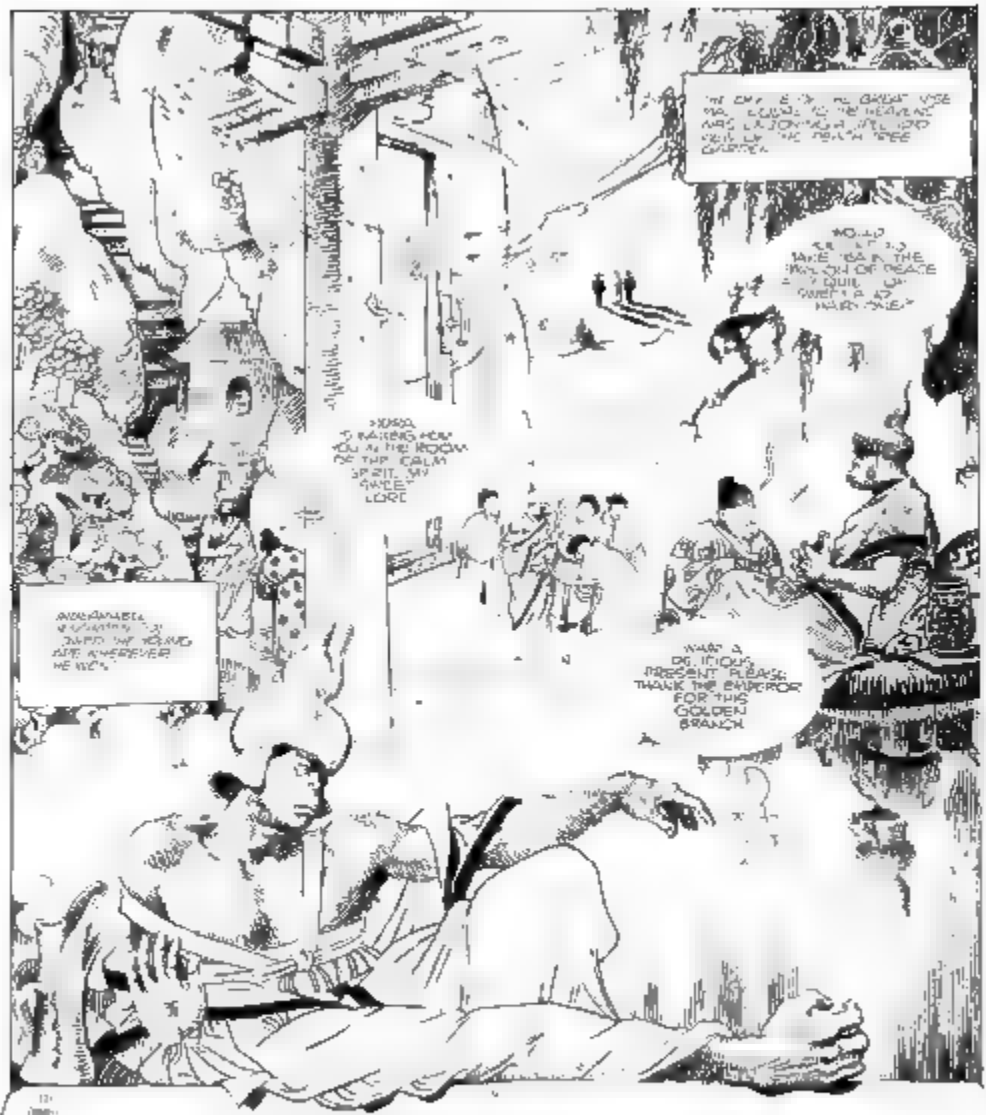
Address

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

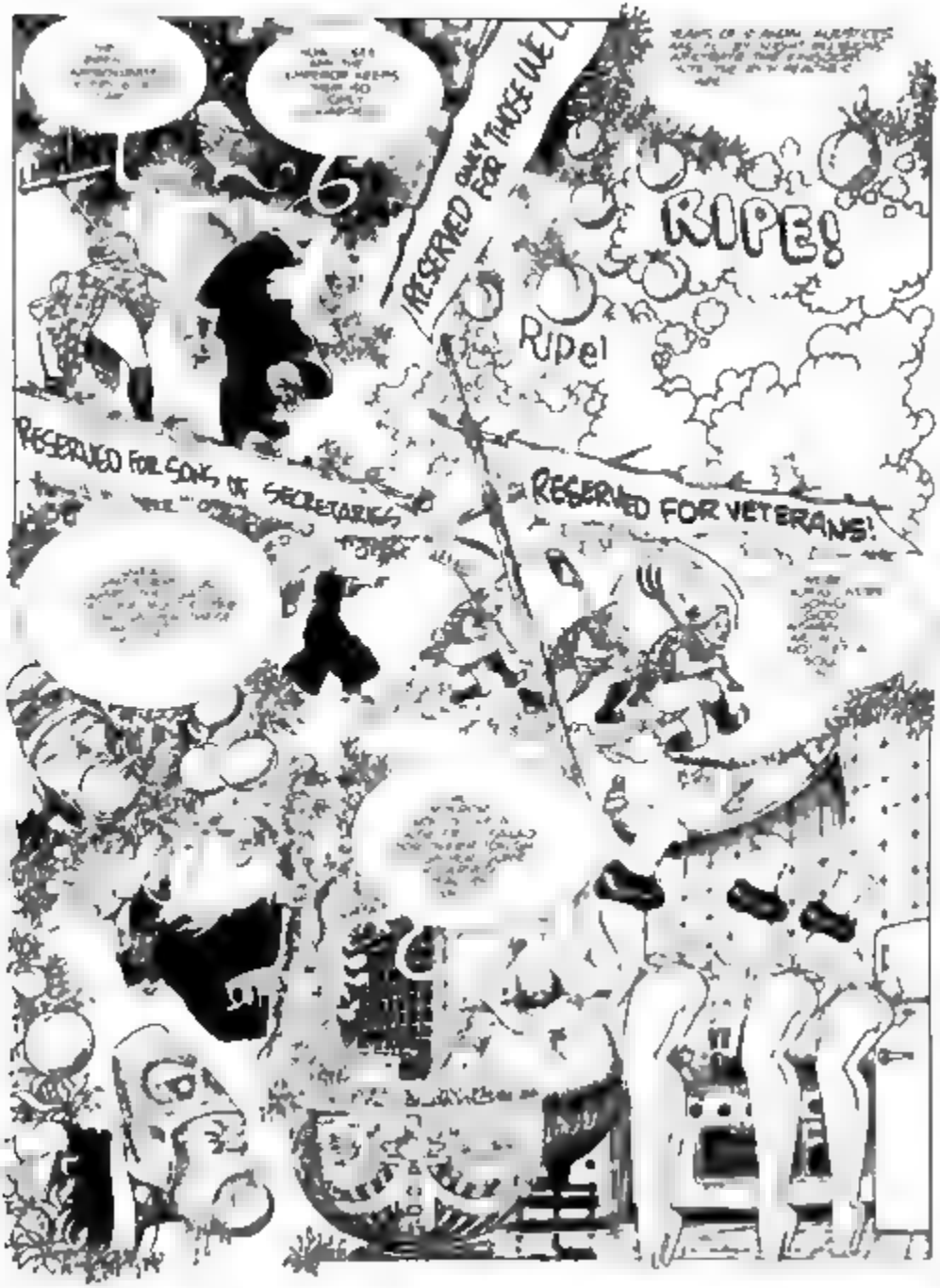
Texas residents, please add sales tax.

If you wish to order, but do not want to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with your check or money order.

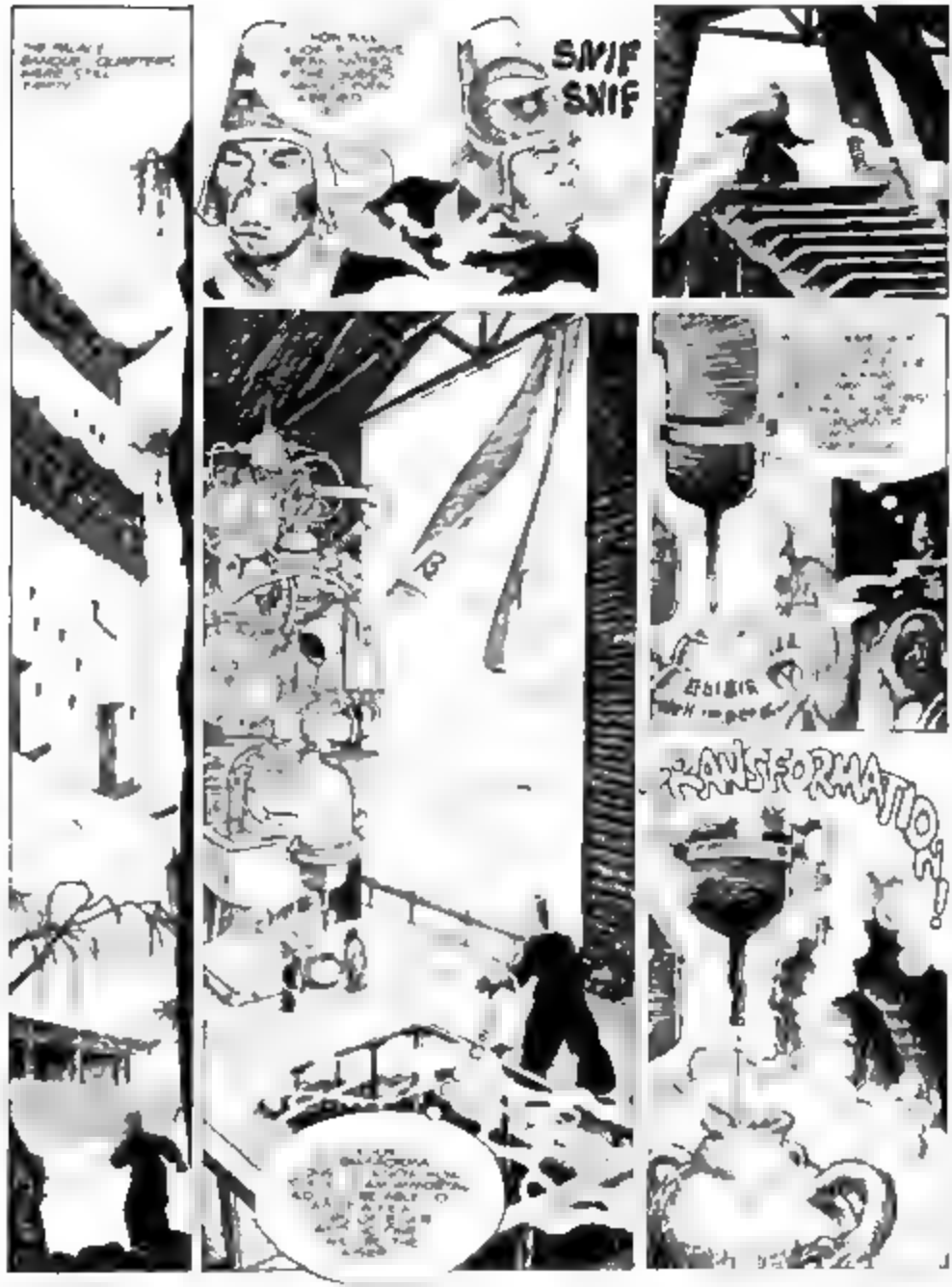
THE APE

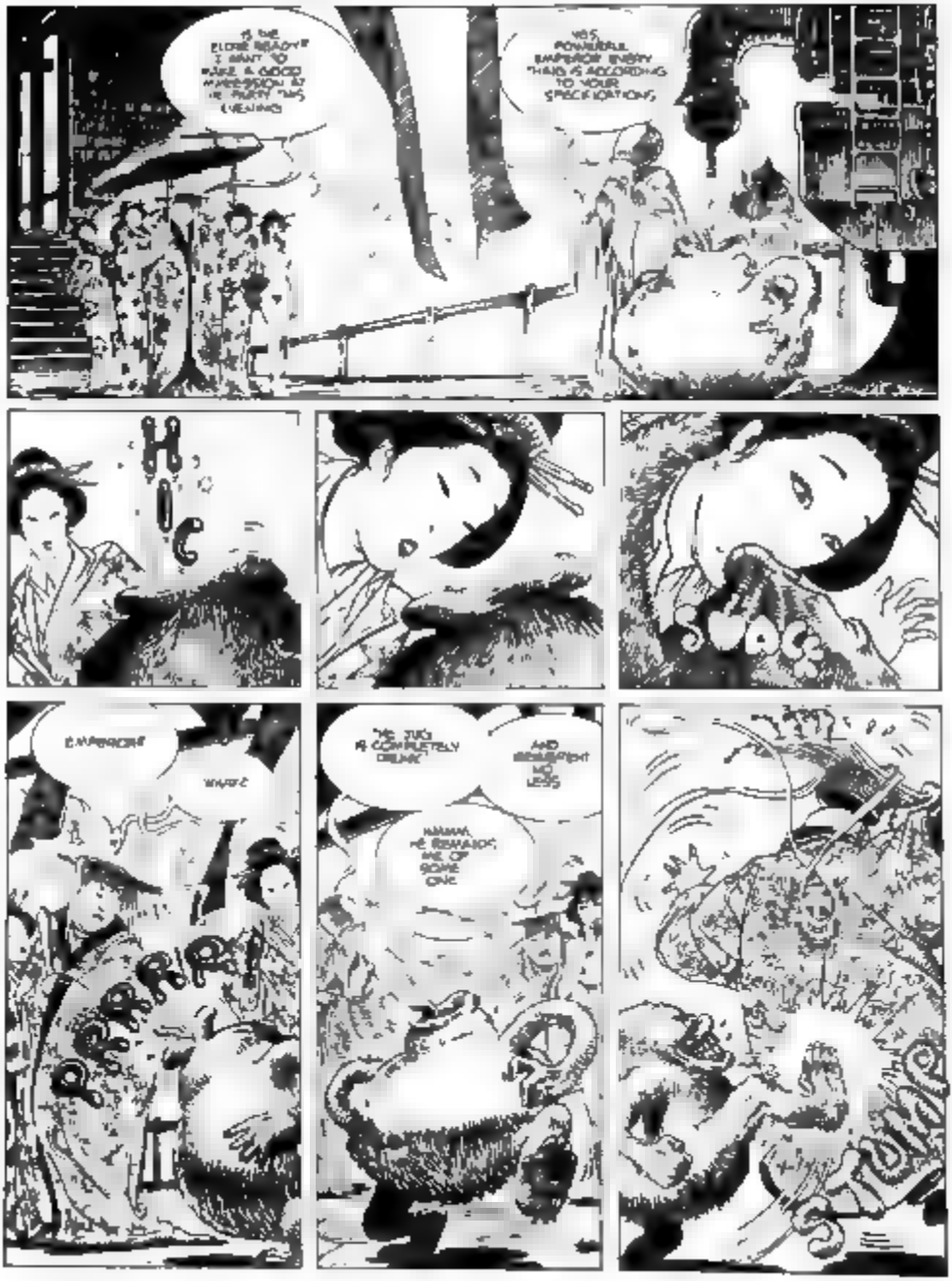


THE IDLE YOUNG APE WAS LEFT TO LIVE IN A SORT OF FALSE LIBERTY THAT HE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. AND IF YOU THINK THAT HE'S GOING TO PUT UP WITH IT MUCH LONGER, JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU TURN THE PAGE!


RESERVED ONLY FOR THOSE WHO
RIPE!
Ripe!
RESERVED FOR SONS OF SECRETARIES
RESERVED FOR VETERANS!

STOP COOKY'S BEAUTIFUL QUEEN
THE EMPEROR WANTS US TO PICK SOME PEACHES AND WE MUST DO IT QUICKLY
BUT THEY HOME
ALL
BEAN BITTEN
ONLY EATEN ONE
OH NO ALAS
THE EMPEROR IS ALPHA & LUCKY EVER SO FAITHFUL BUT HAVE BEEN HAVE VALUABLE WE CAN DO SOMETHING ONE
WE DID YOU INVITATION TO GATHER PEACHES BUT HAVE BEEN ENTRUSTED ONLY TO APE TO YOU MONSTERS
THE EMPEROR IS GIVING A FEAST TONIGHT HE WANTS THE CHEF TO MAKE A SPECIAL FRUIT SALAD WE HAVE COME ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS
A BANQUET HUH? AND WHY HAVEN'T I RECEIVED AN INVITATION YET? I'M GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS WAIT FOR ME HERE
NO DON'T CALL US MONSTERS WE ARE ONLY POOR YOUNG COOKS
AH, YES... THE YOUNG APE CAN EASILY MASQUERADE AS A TREE WITH HIS SECRET POWERS A LITTLE BIT OF THIS AND A PEPPERING OF THAT AND VOILA


SNIF
SNIF
TRANSFORMATION!


IS THE FLOOR READY? I WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION AT THE PARTY THIS EVENING
YES, POWERFUL EMPEROR ENDRY THAT IS according TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS
HIC
SUCK
EMPEROR
WHAT?
PRRRR!
HE JUST IS COMPLETELY DRUNK
AND REMEMBER NO LESS
HMMM, HE REMINDS ME OF SOME ONE
SNORE

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY BLAINE LEE ILLUSTRATED BY AT W. KELLY/TM
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

[NO! I'VE AROUND. WE SAW THAT KALIF WAS STILL INFATUATED WITH HIS ROBOTIC GIRLFRIEND AND A BABY WAS BORN. BUT WHOSE?

CYCLE 132 ANARCHERA

OMEGA DISQUE IS AUTOMATED FARMING ORBIT AND PENAL COLONY BUILT BY GALATIAL FIBER FEED & FERMENTING MR-GO DEFUNCT) ABANDONED AFTER THE OVERTHROW OF THE INCORPORATED ELYSIAN REPUBLIC. CYCLE 1 ANARCHERA

"MUMBO-JUMBO!"

HEH HEH! YOH AYES YAWL 4 FAYEES!

WHUDYOO SAYEE?

A! SEHD WHUDYOO SAYEE BOH?

AHSEHD YOH GODDAH FAYEES AH-EE! UNNESSAHNT D' PI-ES BIHD!

SIEH! Y HOH! F-WH PLUGH! F-UH!

SOMBA ZEEST BOOTUHN SCEET!

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE CAN EAT IN SPACE!

BANG!

While neither
Of wonderful sights
That be
And you shall see
the beautiful things
As you rock in the
misty sea
Where the old
shoe rocked the
fisherman three
Wynken
Blynken
And Nod.

-EUGENE FIELD, POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

LOR BUBBUH YOOOUH BLOAD WHOLE AWE
HE'S RAHTPERT YAYH 6
SHEE
I MOAN HA'TA TAIE
SHUFF I
MAHLT M BUBBLEH
*KNOW CARE IS BEETER TO RUN (HOM MY BLADE AND POWER CHANGE MANE BIK
YOH GOAH GEMYEET Y'HEYED BUHSTO T'KEENGOBUM KUHM.
AYHOOAH AHNOH LAHYEEK T'OOOOH BUBBUH
N'OOOOX Y'BTBY CLOSEBN AYHEMOAH SLAPYUPSAHO B'HEYUHD
BENK D'BAHSHO BUBBUH!
GAU!

AWWWW...N'GIDDUMP DOODY
SHEE
AWWW...GUMOAN YOOAYNE BEHNA SPOART!
SHEE-HUT
WHUHZZAT?
HOOO, D'YOO
SHEE, HI.
MOAN OAK AYES: WO
MAYBE
SHEE-HUT
SHEE-FANG
WHAR HA YOO

LOR YES
I MOAN HAMMEE
S M ANJIL PYH
HAAH
SAME LIKE
THRWE MOTOR
SKREEBONS
EAT DIRT,
MONKEYSPEAR.
YUK
OK
WOW!

BONE-KILLING BLIGHT!

URK!
Galaxia 9!

ZORA

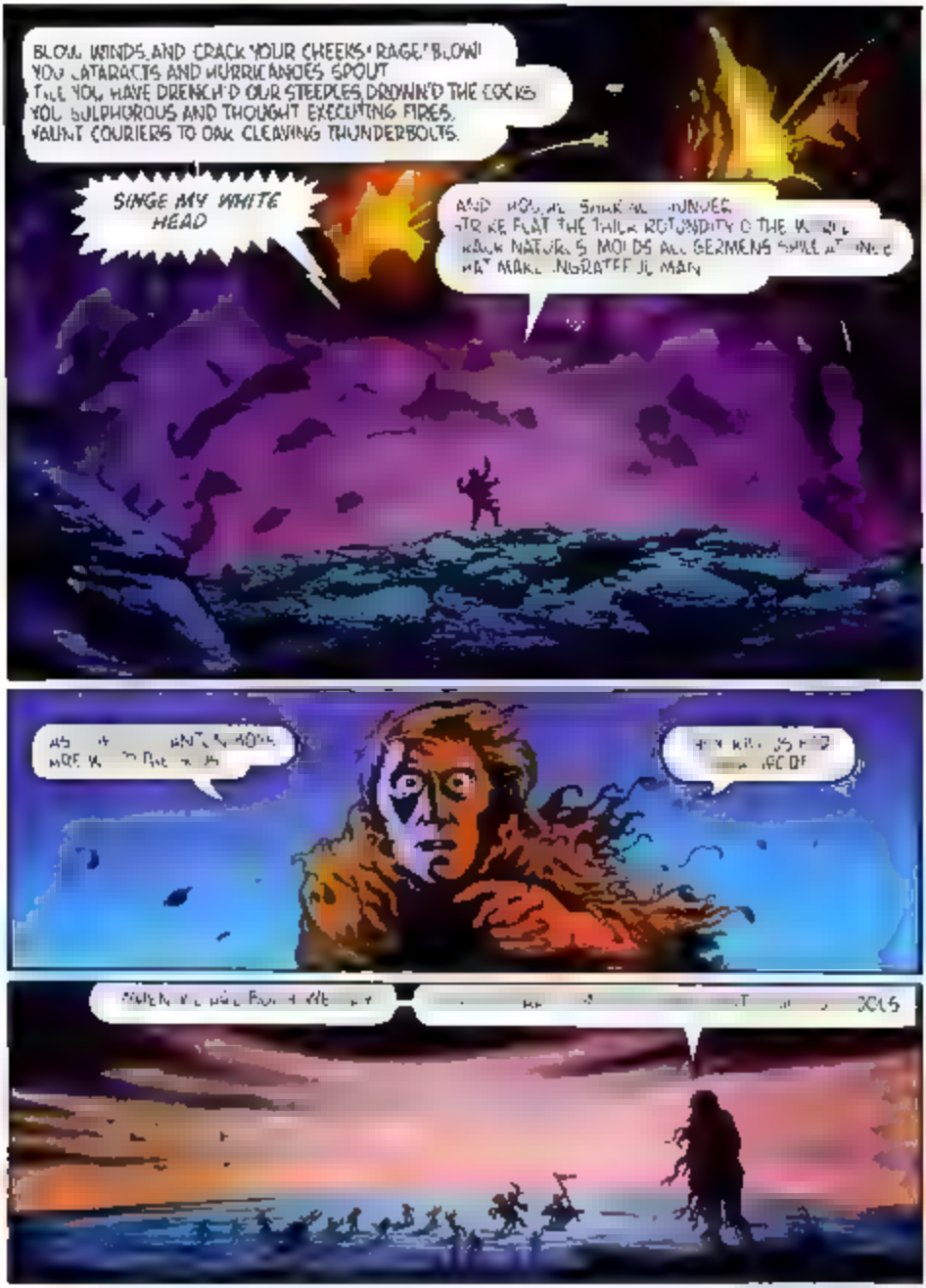
FLAP

WROOM
WHEEEG

A MAN MAY SEE HOW THIS WORLD GOES WITH NO EYES. LOOK WITH THINE HEARS
AND I

SEE HOW YONDER DOG IMPORTUNES HIS MASTER UPON YONDER SIMPLE THIEF. MARK IN NINE GO CHANGE PLACES AND HANDY DANDY WHICH IS THE JUSTICE WHICH IS THE

POOR NAKED WRETCHES WHERESOE'ER YOU ARE
THAT BIDE THE PELTING OF THIS PITILESS STORM
HOW SHALL YOUR HOUSELESS HEADS AND UNFED SIDES
YOUR LOOPED AND WINDOW'D RAGGEDNESS DEFEND YOU
FROM SEASONS SUCH AS THESE
EXPOSE THYSELF
TO FEEL WHAT
WRETCHES FEEL

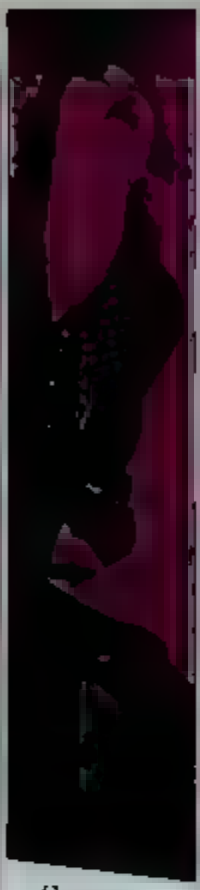

BLOW, WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS! RAGE! BLOW!
YOU CATARACTS AND HURRICANOES, SPOUT
TILL YOU HAVE DRENCH'D OUR STEEPLES, DROWN'D THE COCKS
YOU SULPHUROUS AND THOUGHT-EXECUTING FIRES,
VAUNT COURIERS TO OAK-CLEAVING THUNDERBOLTS,
SINGE MY WHITE HEAD
AND
STRIKE FLAT THE THICK ROTUNDITY O THE
NATURE'S MOLDS, ALL GERMENS SPILL
MAKE INGRATEFUL MAN

THE GODS ARE JUST AND OF OUR PLEASANT VICES MAKE INSTRUMENTS TO PLAGUE US

The Entity

Based on a True Story . . . that isn't Over Yet

by Carl Macek



Stories of a
discarnate being
which attacks
a woman
at Culver City
California, seem
strongly rooted
to the stuff
that dreams are
made of. And yet
in 1975, according
the most reliable
sources,
these stories
proved all too real
when a woman dubbed
Carla Moran
by author
Frank DeFeli a-

Carla Moran (Barbara Hershey) enters her bedroom, where the entity awaits.

Twentieth Century Fox's new film which adapts DeFelitta's carefully researched novel, *The Entity*, peels away the veneer of religious dogma and occult mysticism surrounding these types of attacks, and focuses in on the real life horror of a young woman who was repeatedly victimized by such a demon.

Frank DeFelitta is a considerable man. In fact his years of experience as a documentary filmmaker provide him with credentials that mark him as the voice of reason. His interest in the supernatural has only surfaced in the last few years. Due to an extremely unusual coincidence that occurred while he was filming a documentary on the "Stately Ghosts of England." A camera set up by DeFelitta using infrared film (allowing images to be recorded in total darkness on time exposure captured the image of something completely inexplicable. The footage has been examined by a virtual army of experts, and the general conclusion is that the film is a record of the manifestation of a lower ectoplasmic form, in other words, DeFelitta photographed a ghost. His accidental discovery became legendary in the field of psychic research. In 1975 a group of psychic investigators stumbled into one of the most graphic cases of inexplicable physical phenomena ever investigated. DeFelitta was contacted and asked to participate in the experiments. The particulars of this incident were recorded in DeFelitta's novel *The Entity*. Everything that DeFelitta describes in his book is either substantiated by on-site research, or by in-

Carla attempts to get her bearings after an attack by the entity.

sensitive interviews and cross-reference. The one exception is the final experiment utilizing liquid nitrogen—an experiment which was conceptualized but never realized, due to the lack of appropriate financing.

The case study that DeFelitta participated in was controversial. The psychology department at a major university was also studying the case and came up with their own conclusions. "Regardless of how you want to interpret the facts," DeFelitta cautions, "the events documented in this case really happened."

What happened is actually rather routine, if suspension of disbelief is not a hard concept to deal with. In 1975 a young woman, Carla Moran, who lived alone with her three children in the outskirts of Los Angeles, was brutally attacked. The incident took place in her bedroom while her children slept in the next room. What was strange about this particular assault was that the attacker was invisible. Some unseen thing had entered Carla Moran's house, beat her around the head and mouth, abused her and then left. If the incident had stopped here, it could have conceivably been written off as the product of a troubled mind trying to cope with the responsibility of supporting a family, and coming to grips with the fears and anxieties that go with this sort of life-style. It didn't stop here.

From this initial encounter with her astral attacker, Carla Moran's life would never be the same. She was repeatedly attacked—in her car, in her sleep, in front of her children—her life had truly become a nightmare. Initially, she sought psychiatric help at a local university out-patient clinic. Although impressed by the severity and sheer volume of the bruises and bite marks that accompanied Carla's story, the general conclusion by the staff of psychologists was that injuries sustained by Carla were the result of a complex mental illness. To the resident doctors that examined her, Carla was a very sick woman. The manifestation of these bruises and marks were self-inflicted, occurring in a state of mind in which the victim is totally unaware of self or surroundings.

> Supposing the real Carla Moran story is true? Supposing her story *could* be true? After all, no one has proven that it isn't. Then that's what this picture is all about.

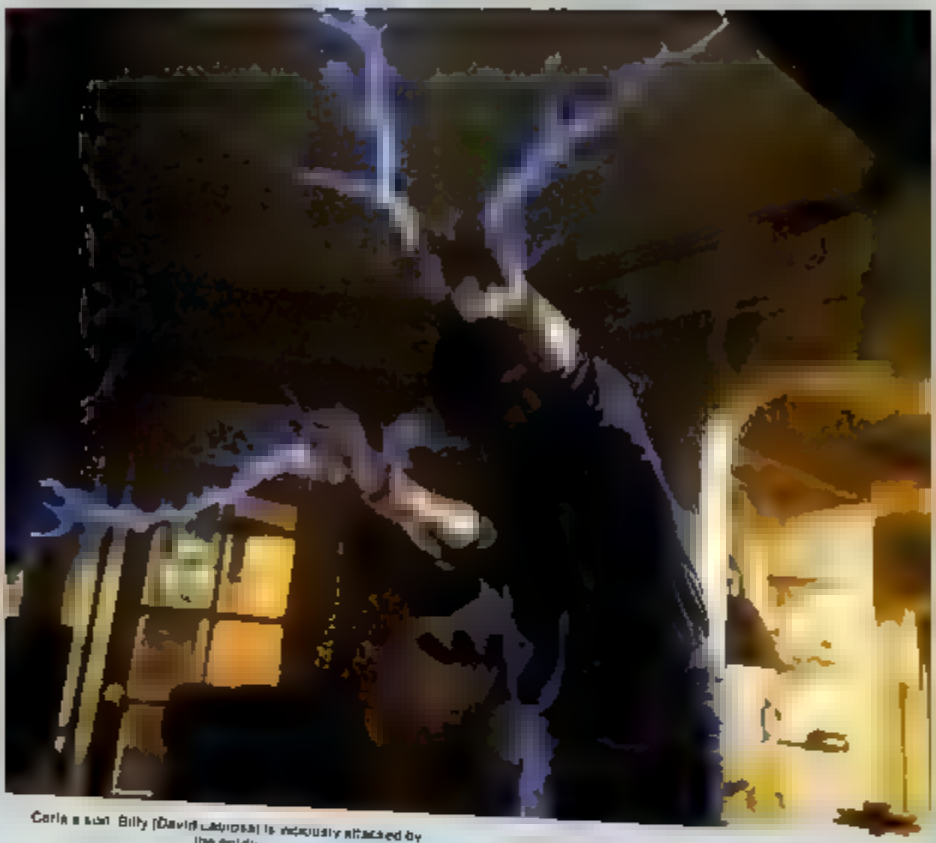
Right: the entity visits Carla very late one evening in her bedroom.

Left: stalking the entity.

It wasn't until Carla interrupted a conversation between a pair of psychic researchers in a bookstore to explain the phenomenon she was experiencing that the root of her problem took on another analytical viewpoint. After hearing Carla's story, these members of the parapsychology department at the aforementioned university attempted to set up a controlled environment in Carla's bedroom, in order to see if they could experience and perhaps record the phenomenon that Carla was living through. She agreed, happy to find someone who did not feel that she was crazy after hearing her story.

An unsuccessful first attempt, a date that might have been the end of the story had Carla not convinced them to return and try again. This time the experiment was a success. Carla Moran was surrounded by a roomful of professional researchers, students and a skeptical Frank DeFelitta, all outfitted with recording devices of one sort or another. She began to invoke her demon, chiding him for his cowardice and selectivity to show himself in the presence of his "army." Her intense emotional outbursts eventually produced results. The entity appeared. At first the room was bombarded by wave after wave of colored lights. DeFelitta recalls, "It was almost as though fireworks were going off inside her room." Carla Moran invoked this evil force several times in a blinding flash a form which appeared more of human characteristics, was revealed. This form instantly changed its shape. At first someone would say 'Look there's a shoulder' or 'can you see its head?' According to DeFelitta's published account, the entire event was completely unnerving.

The vivid account of the event as recorded in DeFelitta's book did not go unnoticed by Harold Schneider, a producer who worked on such films as *Four Easy Pieces*, *Stay Hungry* and *Sounder* and the award-winning *Out of Africa*. He contacted DeFelitta and asked him if a screen adaptation had been written. It had. Given this initial go ahead Schneider eventually was able to put together a package which included a rising star in DeFelitta, the directorial energy of Sidney Furie and the talents of actress Barbara Hershey to star in the role of Carla Moran. Schneider's approach in selling the package was direct. Supposing the real Carla Moran story is true?



Carla's son Billy (David Lapresa) is viciously attacked by the entity

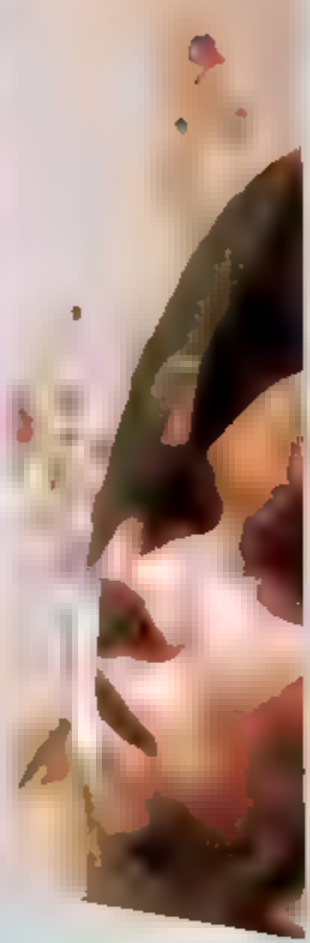
[illegible] suggesting [illegible] Most of the [illegible] proves that it isn't. That's what the picture is all about.

The action is what [illegible] was selling in [illegible] to get it [illegible] the realism [illegible] He raised over [illegible] writing interviews with [illegible] Carla Moran. [illegible] got [illegible] background, [illegible] and [illegible] which would allow [illegible] the actual [illegible] to [illegible] along way. There was quite [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] Filming [illegible] such as [illegible] [illegible] Carla Moran [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The incident [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] a large part [illegible] parapsychology department [illegible] [illegible] What [illegible] filmmakers tried [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Carla in the chamber where she and the narrator photographs attempt to trap the entity using liquid nitrogen

Burns was able to do the subtle type of direction such as his framing of *The Bostonians*. Barbara Hershey gives credit to Burns for making her a more versatile and mature actress in his films with Salome Jens and Jill Clayburgh. "I don't really tell them. I have to say anything to Jill anymore. But pulling performances from actors as the only thing I have is direct and honest me. His selection of shots, camera angles and flash editing keep the viewer tense. The visual style covers the way that the processes of cognition and memory affect perception."

Barbara Hershey found herself completely captivated by the character of Carla Morgan. She felt the character she played in the movie was based on real persons and was not just a script. Carla Morgan was living close to Barbara Hershey and the opportunity to spend time with her enabled Barbara to understand and physically assess what she went through in 1975 and what she's got through in the years after. Physical research paid off. Barbara Hershey is remarkable as Carla Morgan. The total transformation of each character for the film makes her one of the most versatile actresses in the business. Her ability to create a series of characters that are totally different from each other is a testament to her talent. Now, through hypnosis, she is able to tap into the memories of her past lives. She tells the story of a group of people who are attempting to photograph a ghost. It is a story that has all the elements of a classic ghost story. It is a story that should have a happy ending. But it doesn't. Instead, it is a story that is filled with fear and terror. It is a story that is filled with the unknown. It is a story that is filled with the supernatural. It is a story that is filled with the paranormal. It is a story that is filled with the occult. It is a story that is filled with the demonic. It is a story that is filled with the evil. It is a story that is filled with the dark. It is a story that is filled with the light. It is a story that is filled with the good. It is a story that is filled with the bad. It is a story that is filled with the ugly. It is a story that is filled with the beautiful. It is a story that is filled with the strange. It is a story that is filled with the normal. It is a story that is filled with the abnormal. It is a story that is filled with the natural. It is a story that is filled with the unnatural. It is a story that is filled with the real. It is a story that is filled with the unreal. It is a story that is filled with the true. It is a story that is filled with the false. It is a story that is filled with the right. It is a story that is filled with the wrong. It is a story that is filled with the correct. It is a story that is filled with the incorrect. It is a story that is filled with the proper. It is a story that is filled with the improper. It is a story that is filled with the appropriate. It is a story that is filled with the inappropriate. It is a story that is filled with the suitable. It is a story that is filled with the unsuitable. It is a story that is filled with the fitting. It is a story that is filled with the unfitting. It is a story that is filled with the seemly. It is a story that is filled with the unseemly. It is a story that is filled with the decent. It is a story that is filled with the indecent. It is a story that is filled with the modest. It is a story that is filled with the immodest. It is a story that is filled with the chaste. It is a story that is filled with the unchaste. It is a story that is filled with the pure. It is a story that is filled with the impure. It is a story that is filled with the virtuous. It is a story that is filled with the vicious. It is a story that is filled with the moral. It is a story that is filled with the immoral. It is a story that is filled with the ethical. It is a story that is filled with the unethical. It is a story that is filled with the honest. It is a story that is filled with the dishonest. It is a story that is filled with the truthful. It is a story that is filled with the untruthful. It is a story that is filled with the sincere. It is a story that is filled with the insincere. It is a story that is filled with the genuine. It is a story that is filled with the ungenuine. It is a story that is filled with the authentic. It is a story that is filled with the inauthentic. It is a story that is filled with the real. It is a story that is filled with the unreal. It is a story that is filled with the true. It is a story that is filled with the false. It is a story that is filled with the right. It is a story that is filled with the wrong. It is a story that is filled with the correct. It is a story that is filled with the incorrect. It is a story that is filled with the proper. It is a story that is filled with the improper. It is a story that is filled with the appropriate. It is a story that is filled with the inappropriate. It is a story that is filled with the suitable. It is a story that is filled with the unsuitable. It is a story that is filled with the fitting. It is a story that is filled with the unfitting. It is a story that is filled with the seemly. It is a story that is filled with the unseemly. It is a story that is filled with the decent. It is a story that is filled with the indecent. It is a story that is filled with the modest. It is a story that is filled with the immodest. It is a story that is filled with the chaste. It is a story that is filled with the unchaste. It is a story that is filled with the pure. It is a story that is filled with the impure. It is a story that is filled with the virtuous. It is a story that is filled with the vicious. It is a story that is filled with the moral. It is a story that is filled with the immoral. It is a story that is filled with the ethical. It is a story that is filled with the unethical. It is a story that is filled with the honest. It is a story that is filled with the dishonest. It is a story that is filled with the truthful. It is a story that is filled with the untruthful. It is a story that is filled with the sincere. It is a story that is filled with the insincere. It is a story that is filled with the genuine. It is a story that is filled with the ungenuine. It is a story that is filled with the authentic. It is a story that is filled with the inauthentic.



In the final analysis of *The Enemy*, it is apparent that the writer can only provide a workable solution to Carla's problem, as Carla herself. The experiments to contain the enemy were a failure. The attitude of her psychological counselor to be the ultimate deep within Carla's subconscious mind. Seeing that she already knew the answer without interruption, although with less severity from her initial confrontation in 1975 to the present, regardless of where she lived or what her mental and financial state was at any given time, Carla Morgan had to come to some understanding of the situation. She had to accept it.

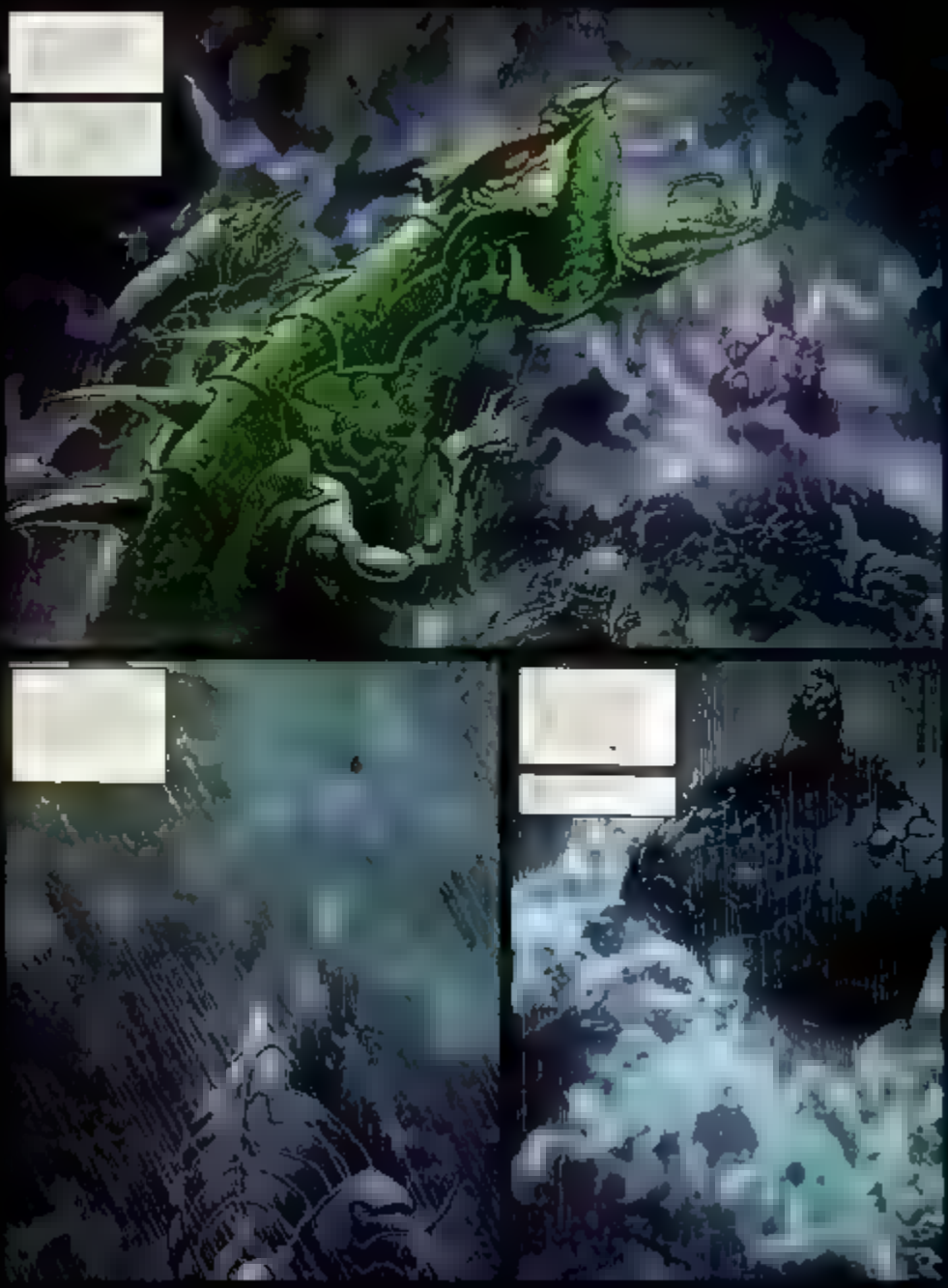
Underneath the polish and veneer of his work, DeFelitta is also an educator. An earlier book that he wrote, *Audrey Rose*, dealt with the subject of reincarnation. It also was based on real incidents and was turned into a film. DeFelitta believes in the concept of reincarnation. And it can be a lesson for his philosophy for the readers of his books. There is much to be learned from the number of letters

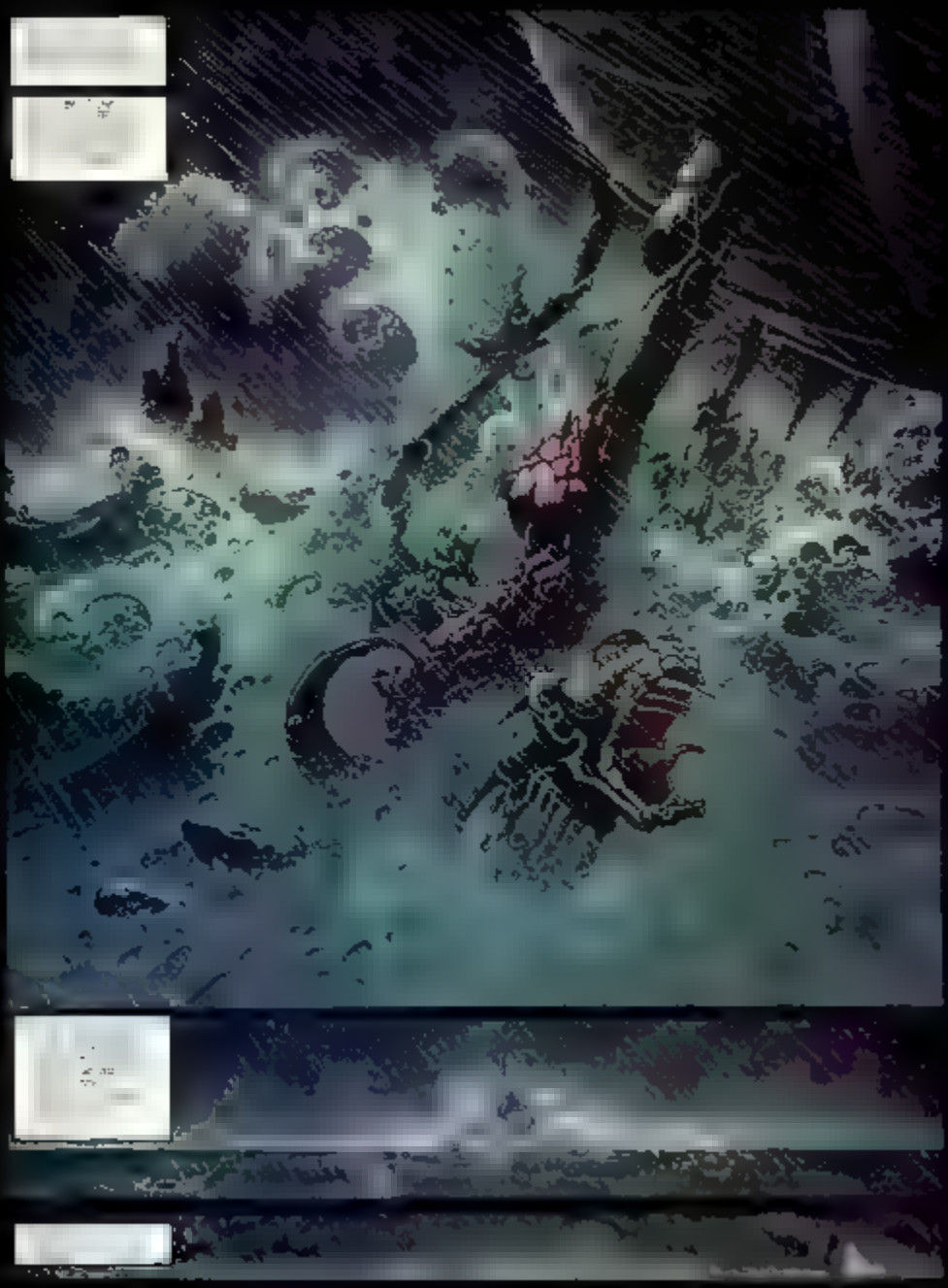
have received from people who have read *Audrey Rose* telling me of similar experiences. And these people have thanked me for writing the book and making this difficult concept make sense. DeFelitta offered to "read" *The Enemy* with an editorial mind. When we encounter an Carla later confronted could not only be part of the world she would truly know but an incomprehensible and perceptive theta and sealed at an initial knight crushes the beast to understand the phenomenon explain it as this was. Frank DeFelitta was educate someone who has similar experiences. It is with the film succeed in making sense of an unpalatable situation. If it opens the door to the possibility that there is more to the universe than what is easily perceived, then Frank DeFelitta's work is monumental.

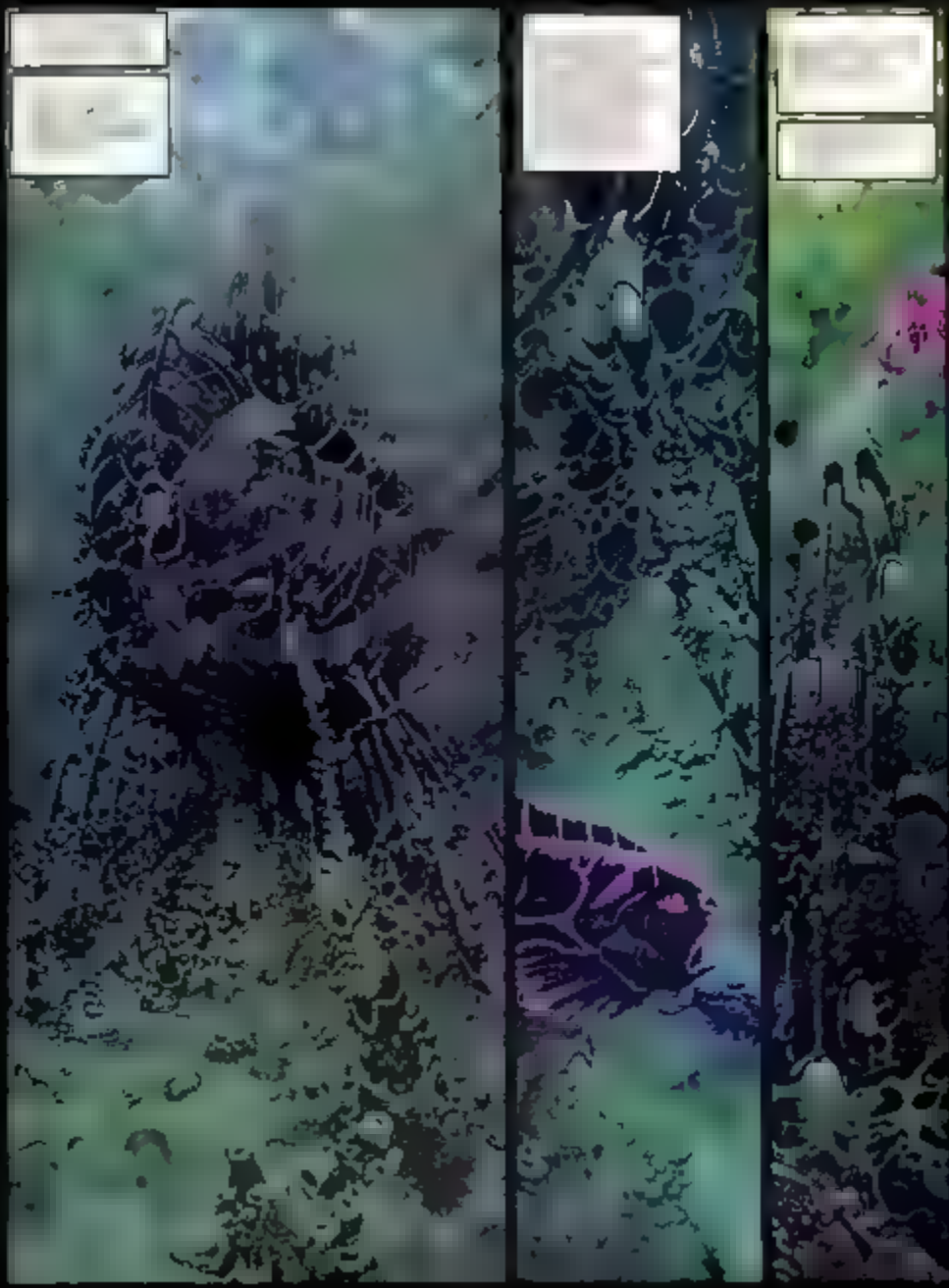
I'MAGE

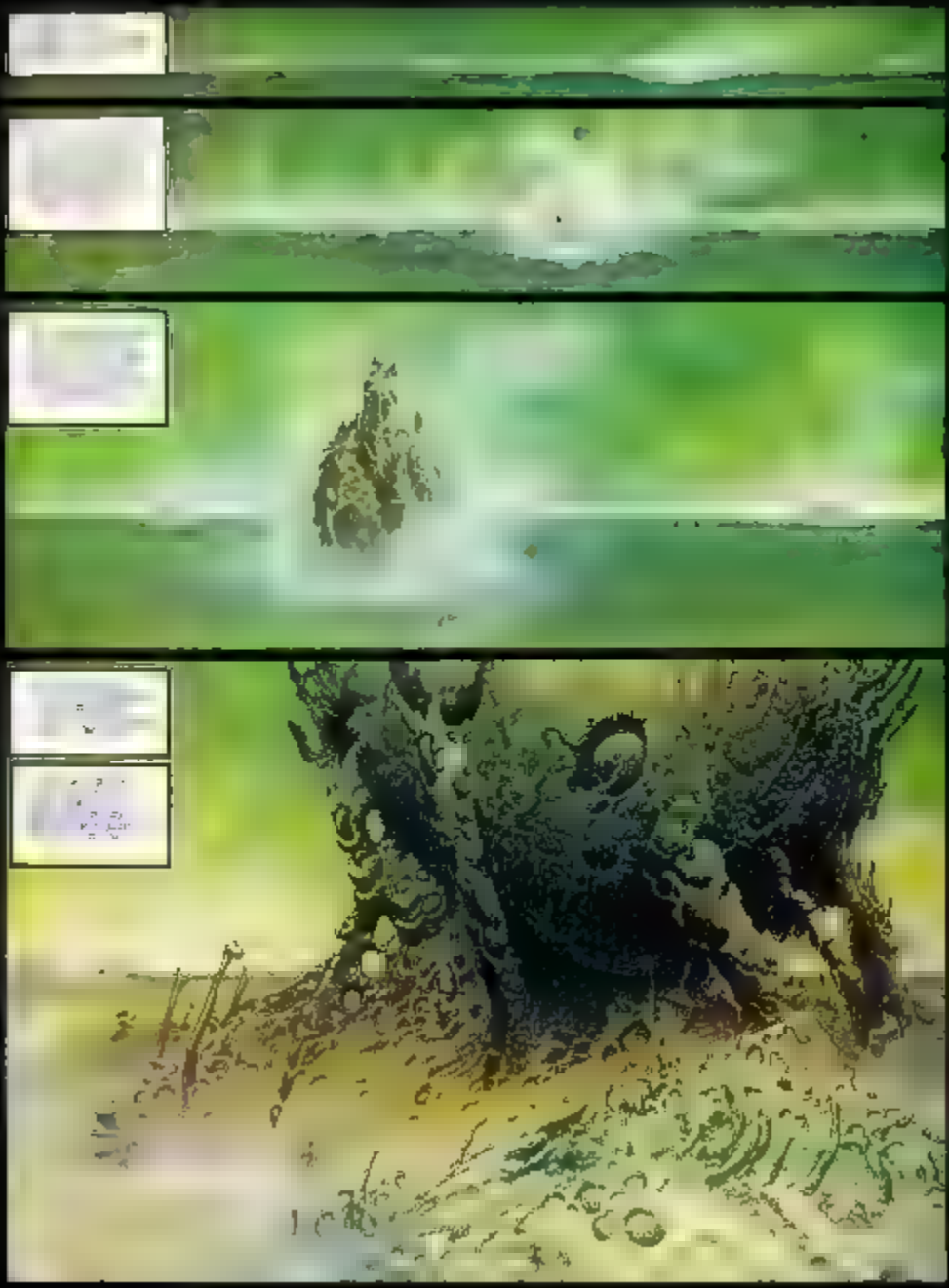
BUT BECAUSE
MORE AND
ENERGIES GRAVITY
FOLKS INSTANT
NEEDED

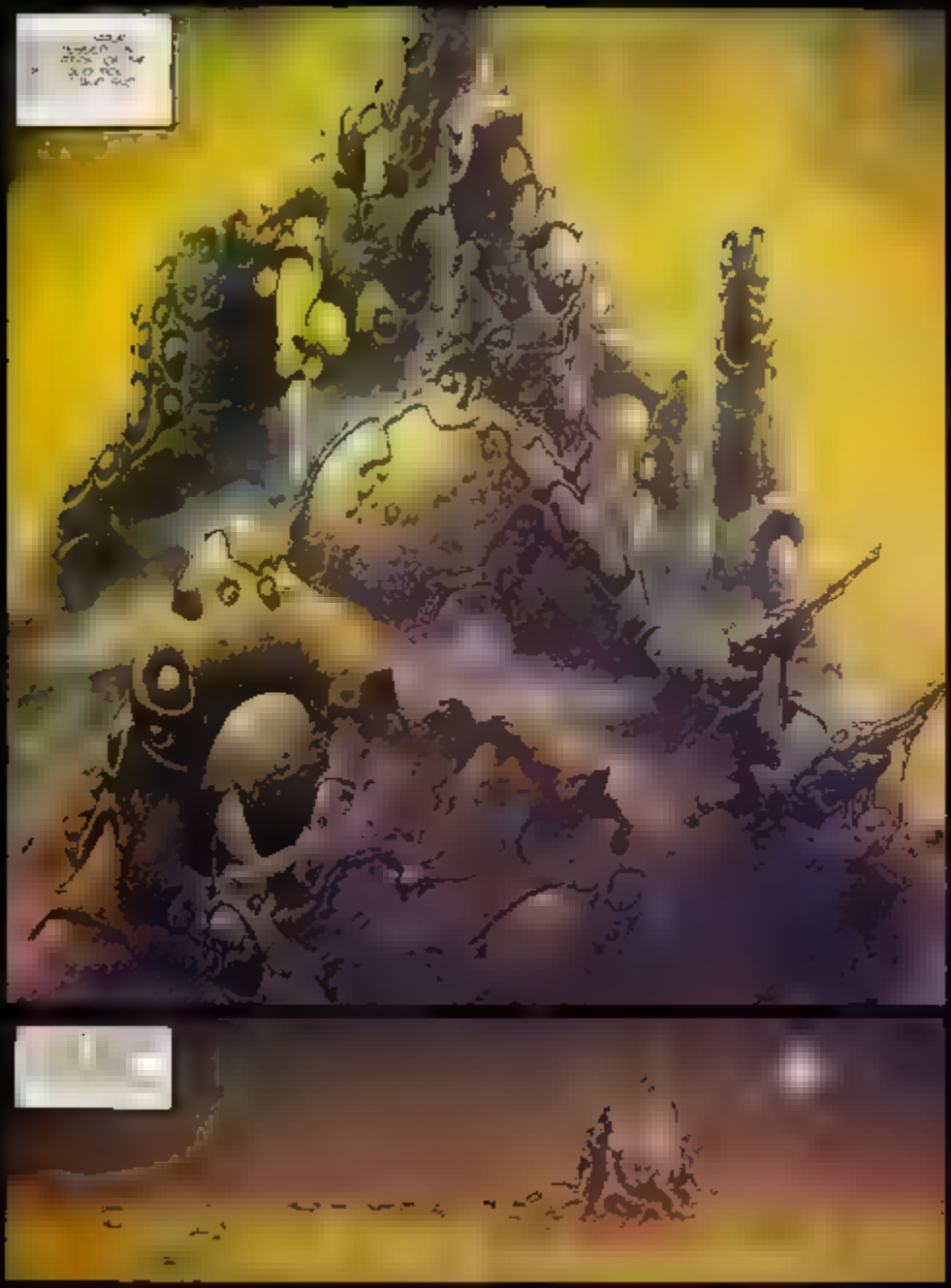
THE ARK

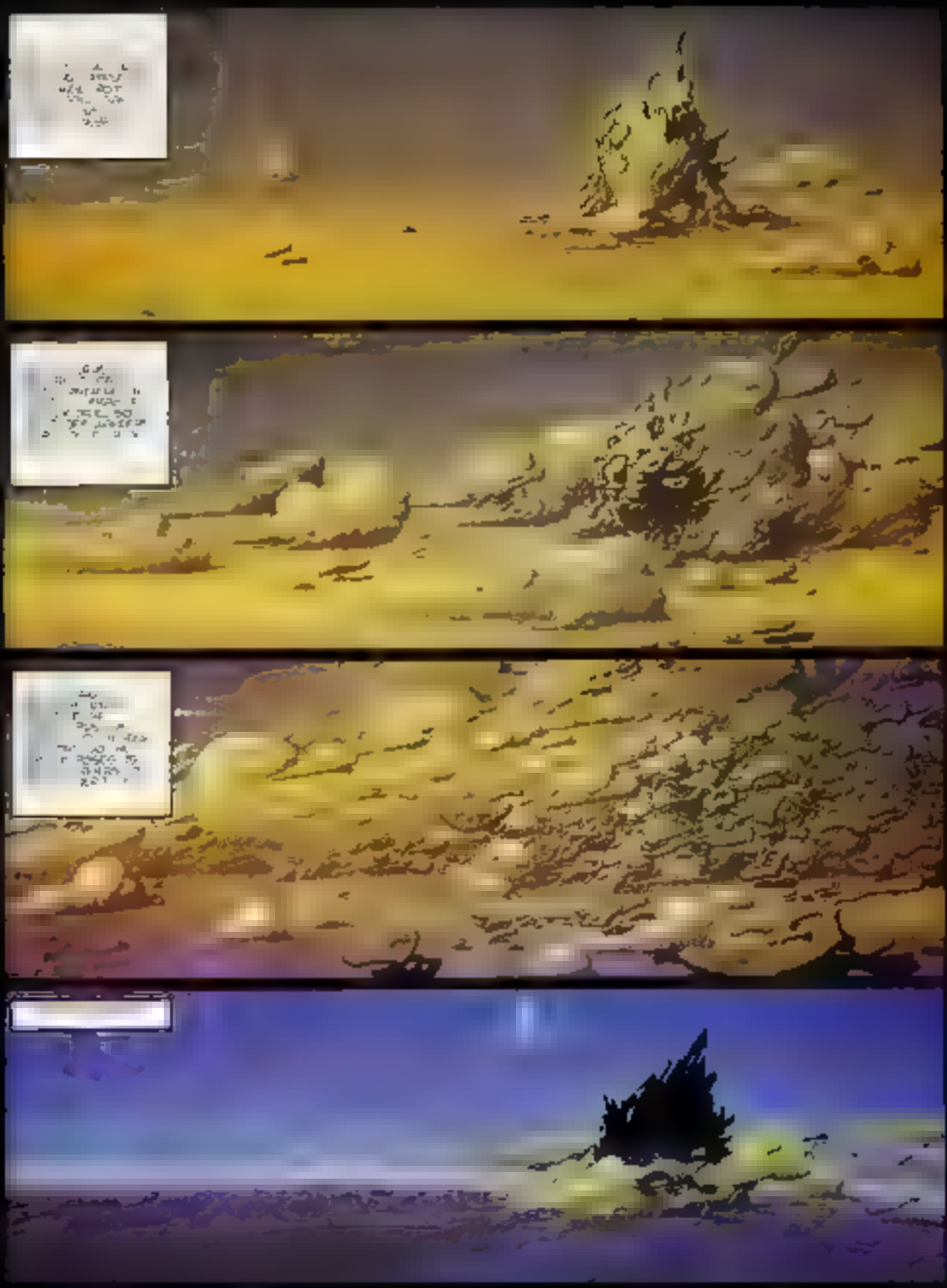


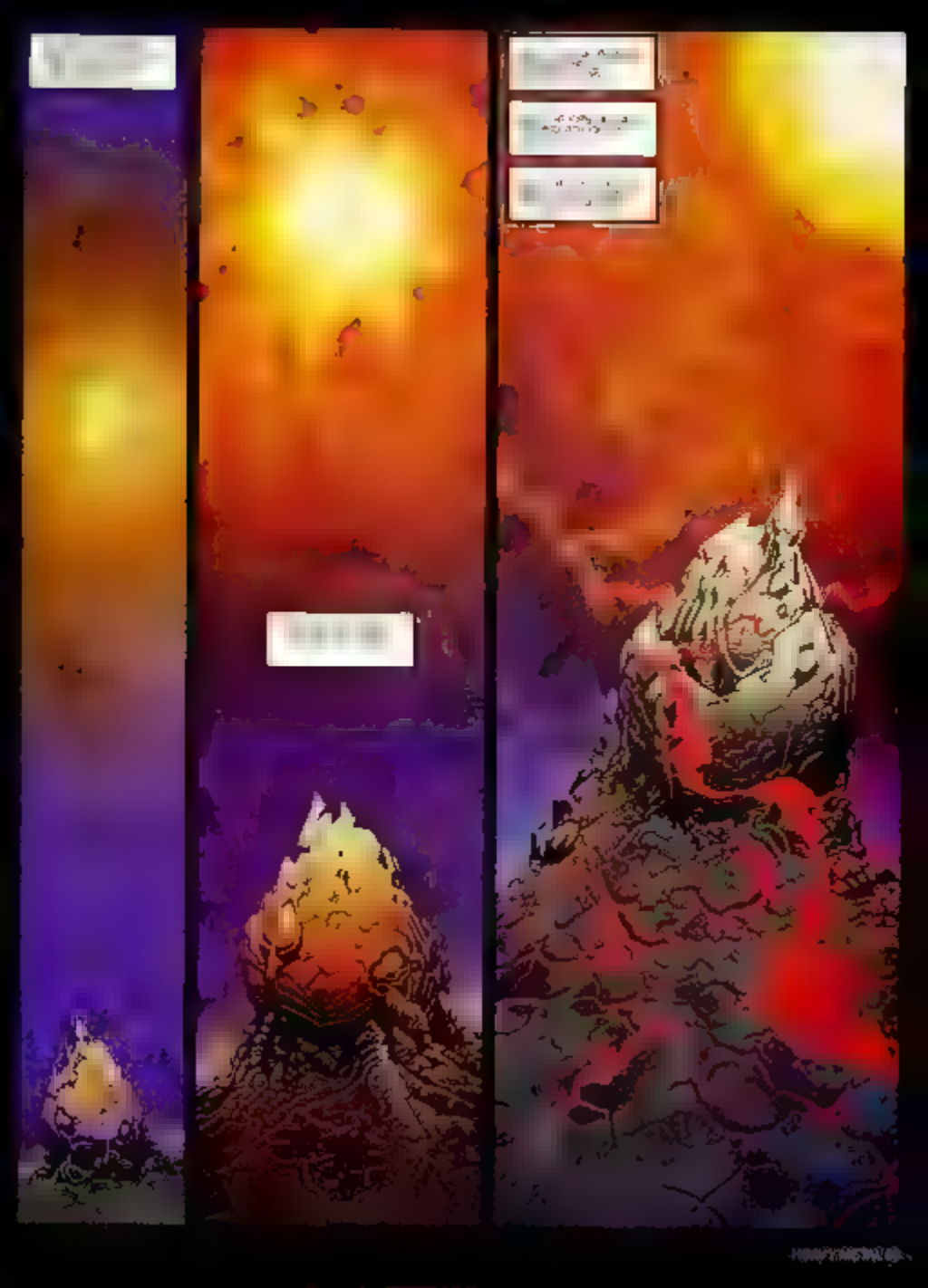

HEAVY METAL SF

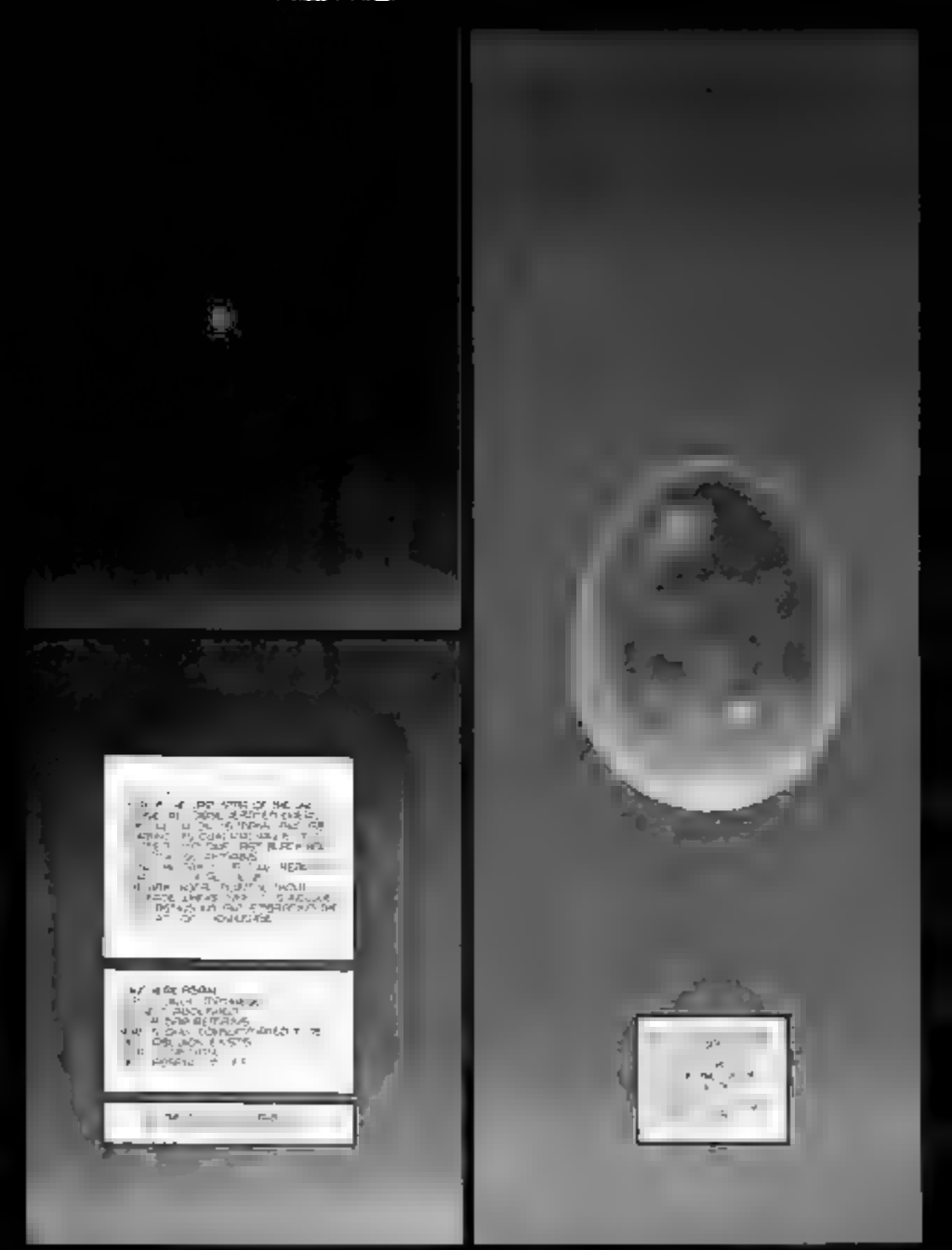


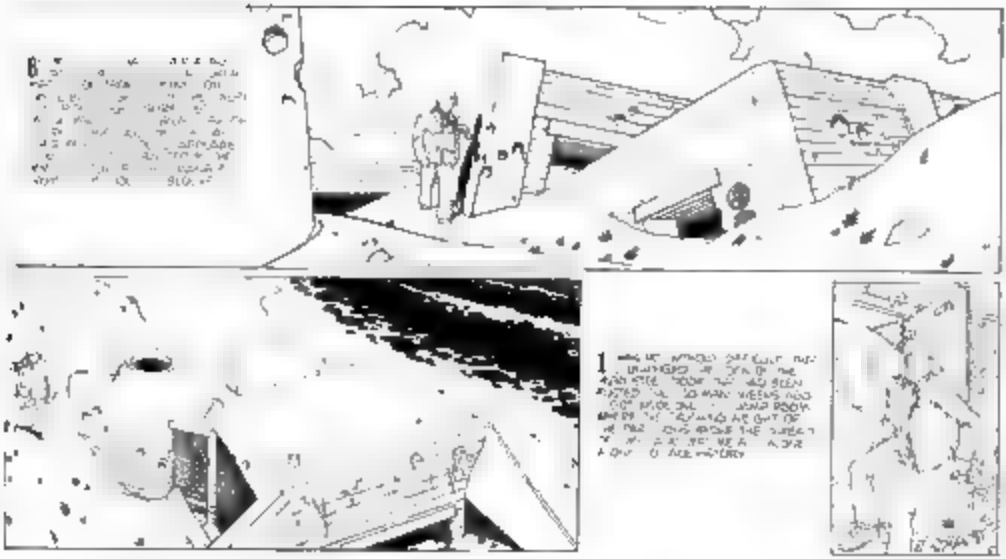




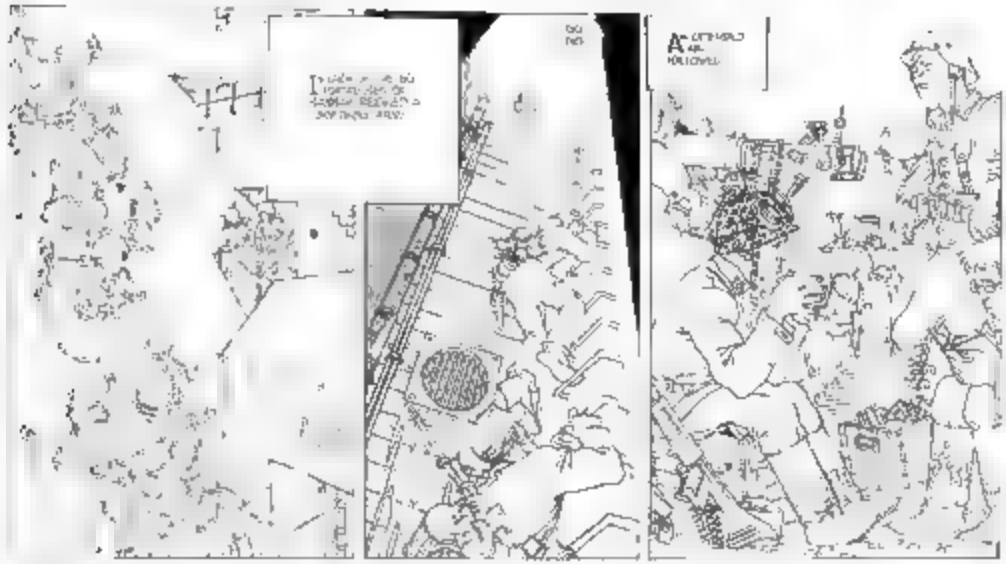

HEAVY METAL

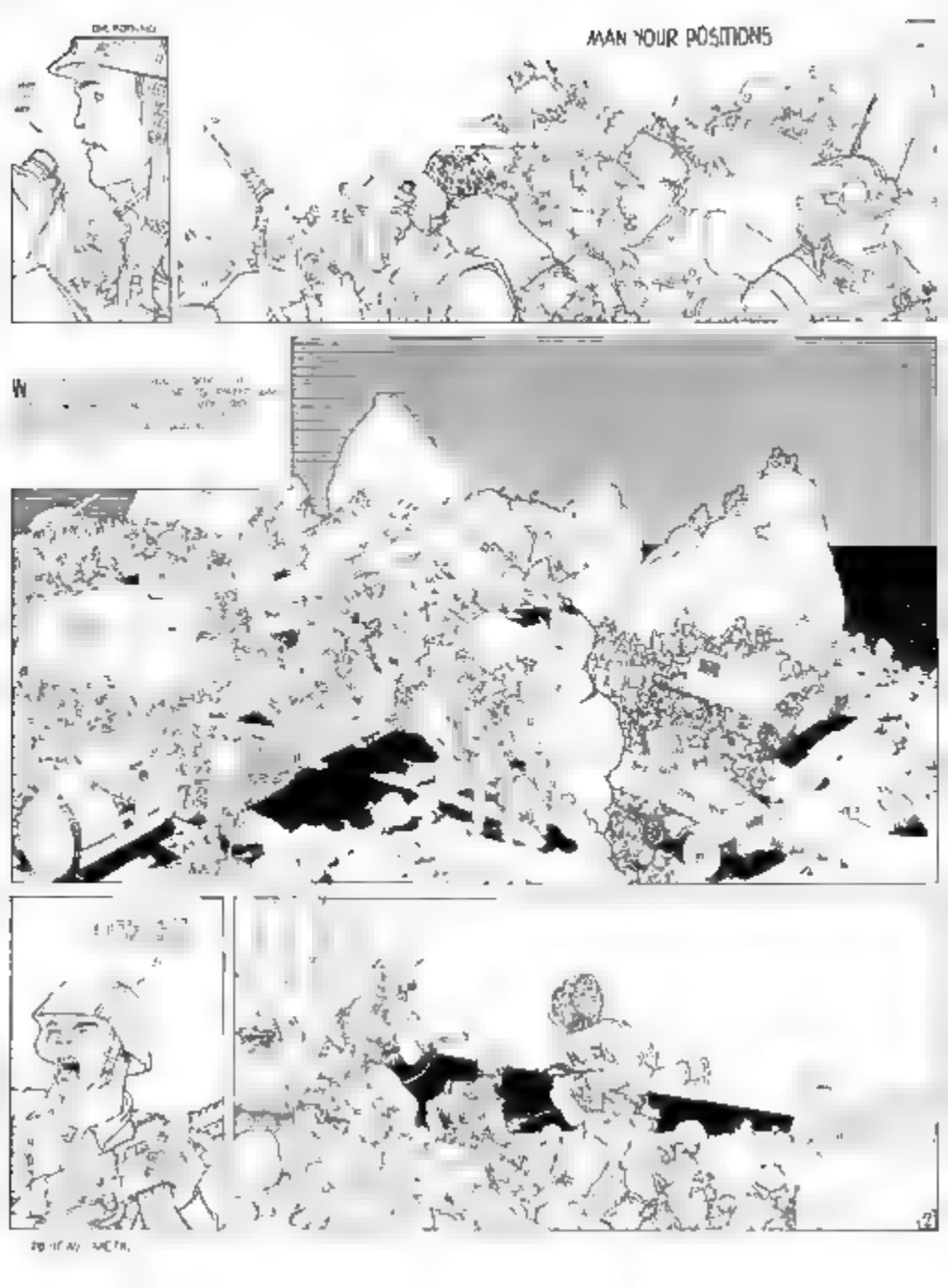


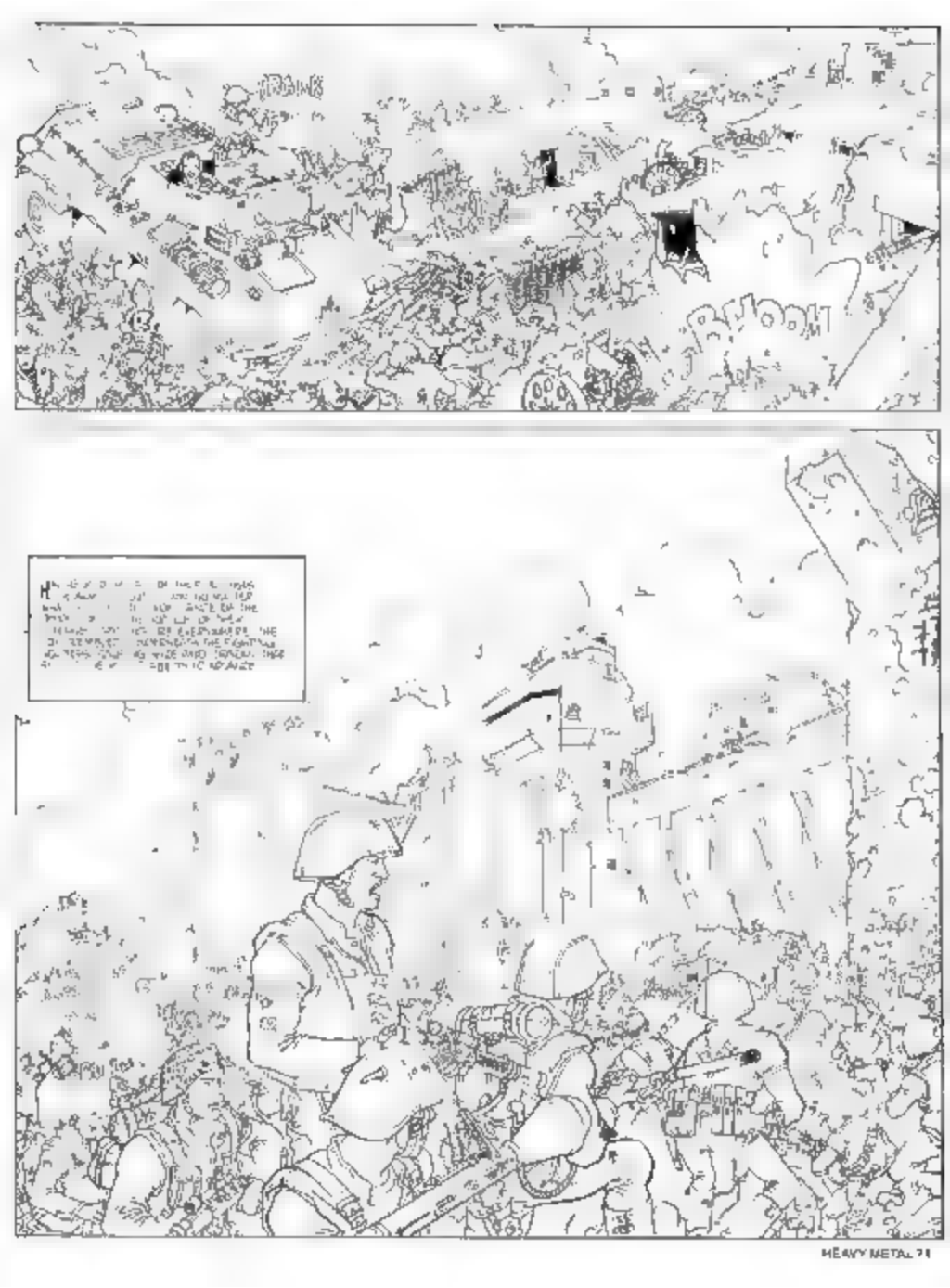


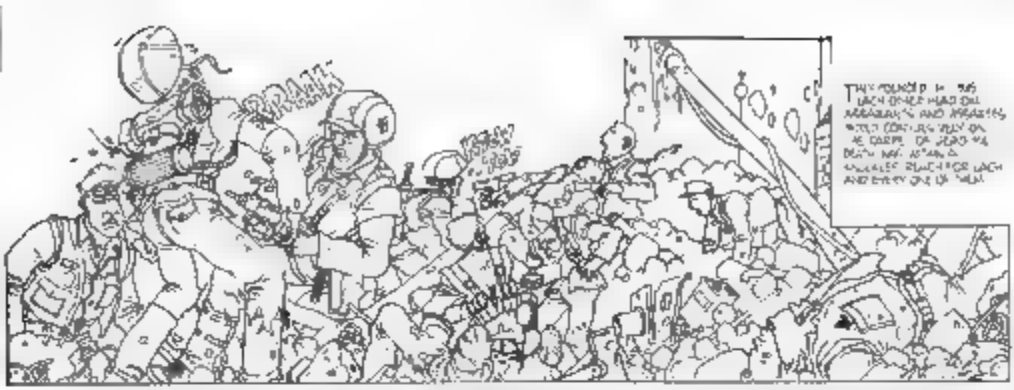


THE OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN



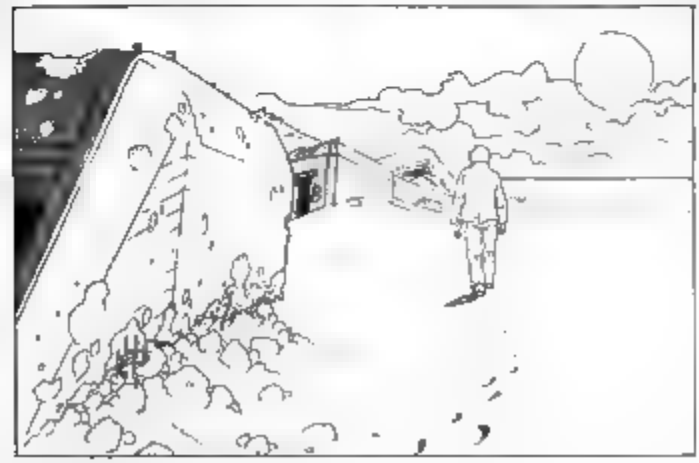

MAN YOUR POSITIONS





THIS FOUNDED IN THE EACH OTHER HEAD ON, ARMAGEDDON, AND WHEREAS WITH CONTINUE PLAY ON, AS DEATH, OR DEATH IS CHEAPER PLACE FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

BUT THE GAMES CAME TO A HALT. IT WAS THE END OF THE DAY, AND THE ALIEN HAD CHILDREN AND WIVES TO GO HOME TO. WARRIORS, GODS RAISED OUT BUT NOW THE ARENA WAS DONE. THE FIGHTERS REMAINED SILENT, BUT READY FOR TOMORROW'S ROUND.



NONE OF THE CONFUSION OF ARMAGEDDON EVER FELL THEY WERE STILL FOR THE PURPOSE TO FEED THE ARENA SOLDIERS AND PREPARE FOR THE NEXT DAY'S BATTLE.

END

HOLLYWOOD

WHERE SEX HUNGER IS REFLECTED IN EVERY ASPECT OF DAILY LIFE, RAMPANT VICE AND VIOLENCE PERMEATE EVERY STRATA OF SOCIETY AND THE BARRIER BETWEEN FOOD AND SEX HAS TOTALLY DISSOLVED

EATING RAOUL

YOU GET OUT OF HERE
WHY? YOU'RE NOT FUCK'N HER. BESIDES I WAS INVITED HERE SO JUST GO F*CK YOURSELF, CHARLIE!
NOW WHERE WERE WE BABY?
PAUL! HELP!
PAUL GRABS A FRYING PAN FROM THE KITCHEN.
AND IN A FLURRY OF FURY, REPEATEDLY CLOBBERS THE SEEDY SWINGER
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
PAUL! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
OH SHIT! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!
MARY LOOK! THERE'S OVER 600 DOLLARS IN THIS GUY'S WALLET
PAUL THAT'S THE EASIEST MONEY WE'VE EVER MADE
BUT WE JUST KILLED A MAN!
NOT A MAN. JUST A SEX CRAZED MANIAC THAT NOBODY WILL MISS

BACK?
WE DO ANYTHING

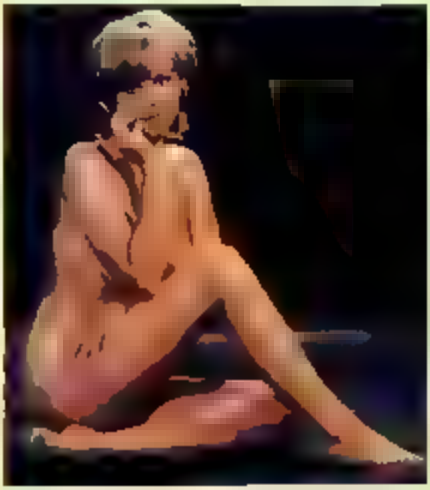
THE HELL YOU WILL, FUCK YOU PUNK!
HOLD ON A MINUT YOU LITTLE CREEP!
CAN'T YOU GET HIM TO DO SOMETHING TO YOU?
AND MOMENTARILY
BOBBY! STOP!
BONG!
THIS MAY TURN OUT TO BE HARDER THAN WE THOUGHT
SEE THE BLAND ... NED ADVENTURES LIVE ON THE SILVER SCREEN

By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace



"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

"I've my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

JUNE 2050
Jack C. Harris and Dick Giordano
AND YOU'RE IN YOUR FAVORITE HERE'S UNLIMITED ARRAY AND AMICA TO SELECT AND SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED!
AT THE EASY RENT TERMS AND YOU CAN TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION
WE'RE DELIGHTED. WE'LL TAKE THE FIRST ONE. THE ONE WITH THE YELLOW TOPPING
EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT CHOICE

HEAVY METAL THE BOOKSHELF

ULYSSES

Special now: $3.50!

CONQUERING ARMIES

Special now — $2.95!

THE BOOK OF ALIEN

Special now: $3.95!

MORE THAN HUMAN

Special now: $2.95!

ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Special now: $4.95!

BARBARELLA: THE MOON CHILD

Special now — $2.95!

MOEBIUS

Cover price

Special now: $1.95!

THE SWORDS OF HEAVEN, THE FLOWERS OF HELL

Special now: $3.50!

LONE SLOANE: DELIRIUS

Special now: $4.95!

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Please send me the Heavy Metal books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to Heavy Metal Books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses copies @ $3.50 each
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The Book of Alien copies @ $3.95 each
More Than Human copies @ $2.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story copies @ $4.95 each
Barbarella: The Moon Child copies @ $2.95 each
Moebius copies @ $1.95 each
The Swords of Heaven, The Flowers of Hell copies @ $3.50 each
Lone Sloane: Delirius copies @ $4.95 each

Total amount enclosed:

Name

Address

City

State Zip

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

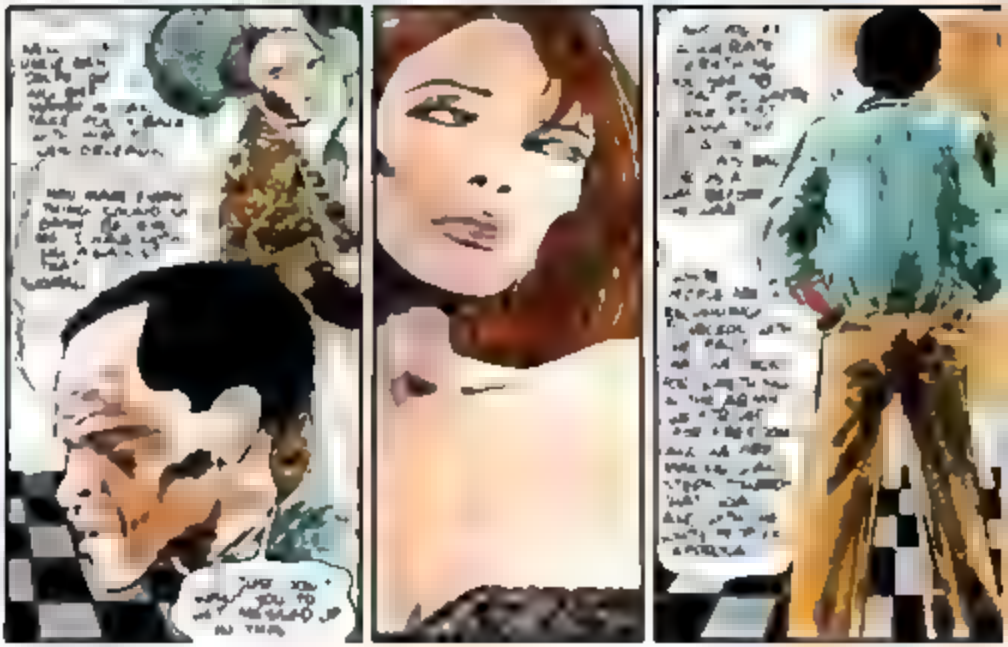
THE MAN FROM HARLEM

THUIN... THUIN... THUIN...
THUIN... THUIN... THUIN...
THN!... THNN!
HUH LITTLE THE BEAT THE BEAT WHAT'S WITH YOU?
BONG!
PLOK!
SORRY CATS LETS START AGAIN I AM FINE REALLY
OK OK HOWS ABOUT GILLESPIES JIGHT IN TUNISIA? 1, 2, 3
PAH PA... PAPA PAH PAHPAAH
THUN THUN THNK THUN
TAHAA-AH-TA-TA-

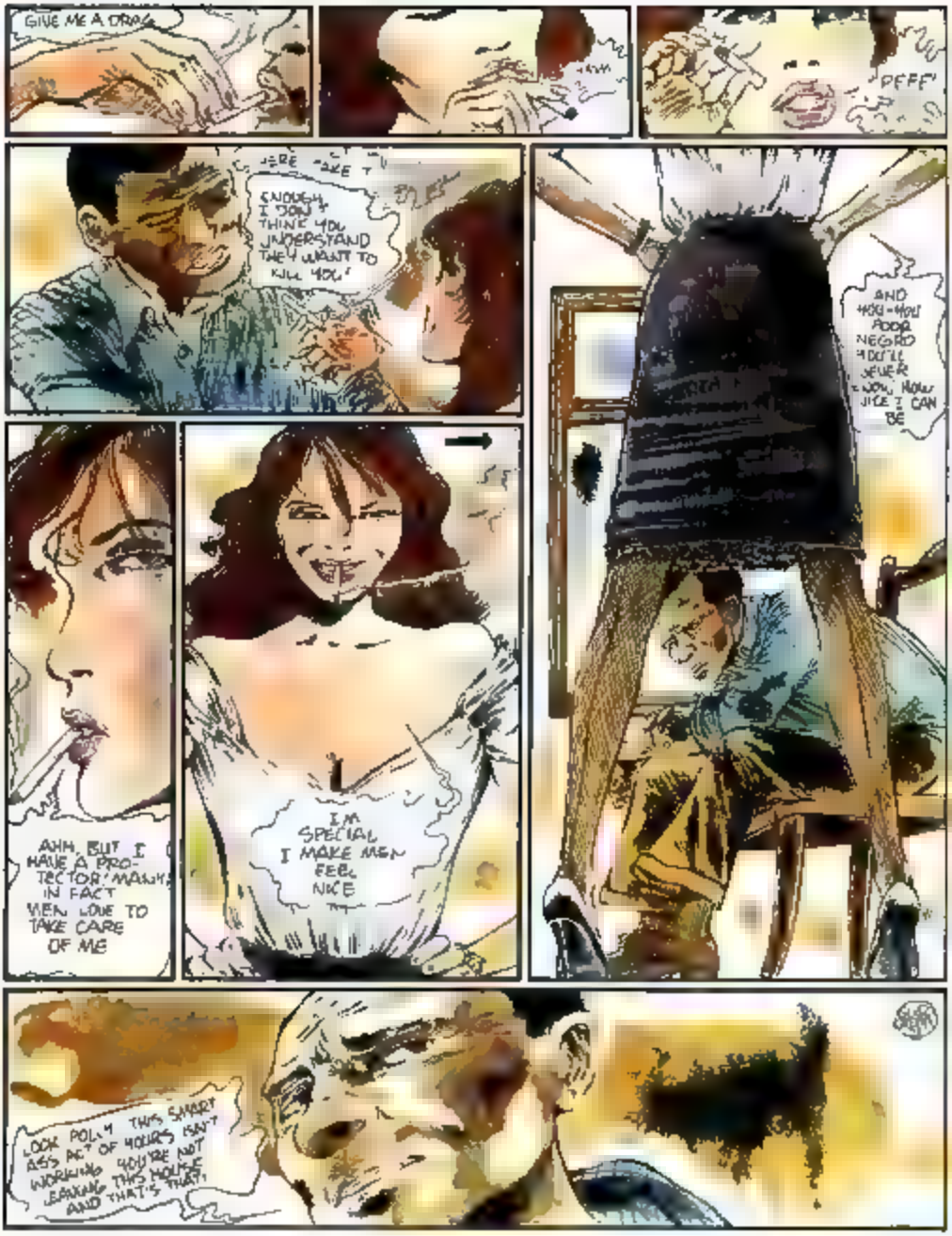
IS THAT GIRL WHO IS SHE ALWAYS
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU
NO, NOTHING THE GIRL JUST NEEDED HELP THAT'S ALL
SHE WAS WHAT IF HELP SHE NEED
DON'T START MAMA
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO KEEP A WHITE NOWADAYS
A WHITE GIRL
AND THEY WANT TO SHIP HER UP FOR GOOD
HE WHITE

BUT I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAW NOT THE WHITES NOR THE BLACKS!

PARKER'S MOOD



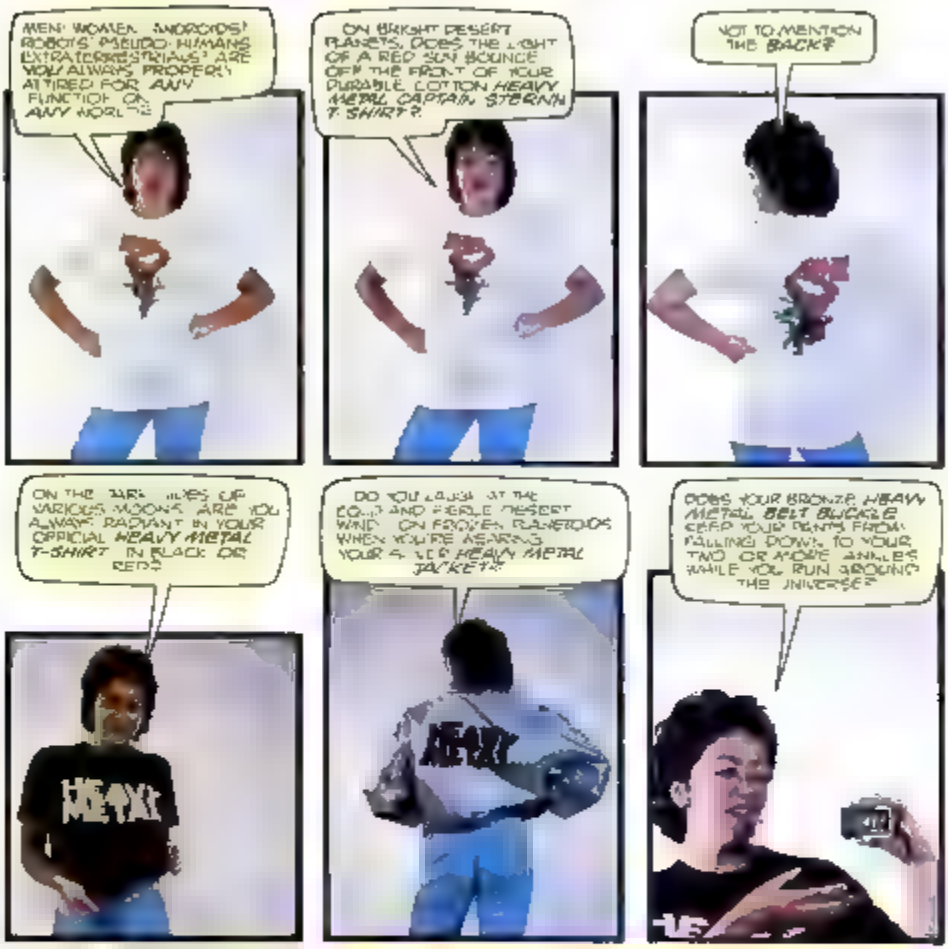
FUCK!
WHITE PEOPLE WOULD NEVER EXCUSE YOU, AND NEITHER WOULD THE BLACKS
YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT LITTLE THOSE ARE EVIL THOUGHTS BUT I FEAR YOU ARE DREAMING
I WANT YOU TO STAY HOME DON'T MOVE TO
YOU ARE THE KIND OF PER SON I'VE FEAR ED
SAID I DON'T LET YOU RISK YOUR LIFE LIKE THIS
WHAT I'M DOING IS THE RIGHT THING
DON'T BLAME ME


GIVE ME A DRAG
"AHH"
"PFFF"
HERE TAKE IT
ENOUGH! I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND THEY WANT TO KILL YOU!
AND YOU—YOU POOR NEGRO YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW NICE I CAN BE
AHH, BUT I HAVE A PROTECTOR/MASH, IN FACT WHEN LOVE TO TAKE CARE OF ME
I'M SPECIAL I MAKE MEN FEEL NICE
LOOK POLLY THIS SMART ASS'S ACT OF HEROICS ISN'T WORKING YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THIS HOUSE AND THAT'S THAT!

I
SKROK!
ANOTHER HAIR DO

HELLO! BONG... "BARBADOS" OR TWO
TCHNG!
OH-OH... A BOP HEY BE BOP!
POP!
BOHUM...!
TWANG
TPANG!
PAM!
SHE'S OUT OF CIRCULATION YOU MUST'VE KNOWN HIM?
AND YOUR BOOM SCARED THE HELL OUT OF HER
OOK SALAAM I'M RUNNIN' TO PULL DUKE OVER ON ME. YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE TOO
DON'T BOTHER. JUST STICK YR NOSE A YOUR BUSINESS SO GET HOLES OUT OF MOUSE LEAVE FOLKS ALONE AN I'LL TALK I PROMISE AND YR HEAD IS GOLDEN UNDERSTOOD?
TWANG TTTT

MY HEAD IS KILLING ME NO MAN SHOULD WORK UNTIL 6 O'CLOCK NO MATTER HOW HUNGRY NO MATTER HOW POOR
HERALD TRIBUNE PLEASE
21
HMM HMM THE REPORTER KILLED ON THE 8TH OF JUNE WAS COVERING AN UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATION OF THE MOB IT SEEMS HE WAS WITH A WOMAN AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH
PLANT
BUT SHE IS NOT AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT AT THE TIME
NELSON
HALF
LITTLE WHAT TIME IS IT?
TO BE CONTINUED


MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?
NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE MOONS OF VARIOUS MOONS ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT IN BLACK OR RED?
METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FEARLESS DESERT WIND ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR 6.5 OZ HEAVY METAL JACKET?
METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO OR MORE ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
METAL
WELL IF YOU HAD FOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON & ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
METAL

HEAVY METAL, DEPT. 1082
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRTS. ___ SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $6.00 EACH PLUS $1.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

HEAVY METAL T-SHIRTS. SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $7.00 EACH. (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)

HEAVY METAL JACKETS. SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $50.00 EACH. (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)

HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLES AT $10.95 EACH. (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)

NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX.
TOTAL ENCLOSED ___

NAME. _____
ADDRESS. _____
CITY. _____ STATE. ZIP. _____

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

CHAIN MAIL

Thank you for bringing us Mr. Bernie Wrightson! For years I have admired his art and style, and over those years have become [illegible] settings, and somewhat twisted, bizarre characters are a feast for the eyes. I am looking forward to each installment of "Frank[illegible]"

Carmen M. Imperato
Levittown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Simmons-Lynch,

It's nice to know that [illegible] sons To Be Cheerful:

Movies are better than ever

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1 APRIL 77 SORRY SOLD OUT

#2/MAY 77 [illegible]

#3 JUNE 77 [illegible]

#4/JULY 77 [illegible]

#5/AUGUST 77 [illegible]

#6/SEPTEMBER 77 [illegible]

#7/OCTOBER 77 [illegible]

#8/NOVEMBER 77 [illegible]

#9/DECEMBER 77 [illegible]

#10 JANUARY 78 [illegible]

#11 FEBRUARY 78 [illegible]

#12 MARCH 78 [illegible]

#13 APRIL 78 [illegible]

#14 MAY 78 [illegible]

#15 JUNE 78 [illegible]

#16/JULY 78 [illegible]

#17 AUGUST 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#19/OCTOBER 78 [illegible]

#20 NOVEMBER 78 [illegible]

#21 DECEMBER 78 [illegible]

#22/JANUARY 79 [illegible]

#23 FEBRUARY 79 [illegible]

#24/MARCH 79 [illegible]

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#26/MAY 79 [illegible]

#27 JUNE 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#28 JULY 79 [illegible]

#29 AUGUST 79 [illegible]

#30 SEPTEMBER 79 [illegible]

#31 OCTOBER 79 [illegible]

#32/NOVEMBER 79 [illegible]

#33/DECEMBER 79 [illegible]

#34 JANUARY 80 [illegible]

#35/FEBRUARY 80 [illegible]

#36/MARCH 80 [illegible]

#37 APRIL 80 [illegible]

#38 MAY 80 [illegible]

#39 JUNE 80 [illegible]

#40/JULY 80 [illegible]

#41 AUGUST 80 [illegible]

#42 SEPTEMBER 80 [illegible]

#43 OCTOBER [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#44 NOVEMBER 80 [illegible]

#45/DECEMBER 80 [illegible]

#46 JANUARY [illegible] SORRY SOLD OUT

#47 FEBRUARY [illegible]

#48/MARCH 81 [illegible]

Printed in Belgium

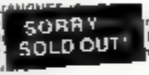
3/83 What Is Reality Part? and The Ambassadors of the Shadows continue. Double interpretation of Faulcon's classic Submarine and Pick Harlan E. tells a very lengthy story on Colonial America.

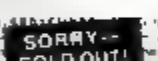
#48/APRIL 81 A and he begins Carmen Sternberg's Good-Bye Sooner! Harry North's Stories from Forever and an interview with our Roberta Dim mink we could do it in one short issue?

#50/MAY 81 Riemann of Chagrin's Cody Starbuck and Beats The Immortals Fate. Plus Sanders, The Tall Range and Wallace S. Burroughs remembered.

#51/JUNE 81 The 51 part of the Richard Corben version Jim Starlin brings adaptation of Dreams that awaits Howard's Chatterjee was up. Plus Carol Chaykin Creepy and Warren and Wolverine!

#52/JULY 81 Sheehan and Hogan are with The Blue Ru Company as Starlin's adaptation of Dune and continues while Dave Mooney artist Jones wrote and





#53/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare for Americans. 1st episode of Sandman's Masterpiece. A gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Jeff Jones B & A and Steranko.

#54/NOVEMBER 81 Jermaine's Egg of the Wurld. Jeff Jones Segretto and Druillet. Frame the art of Fleur and Corben's Grendel.

#55/DECEMBER 81 Steranko encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Segretto and Corben. Plus odd ending. The Immortals Fate.

#56/JANUARY 82 Our Heavy Metal issue includes Arne of Star Wars He and Corben and The Autonomous Man By David Lynch Arne and Sanjulian all surrounded by Chaykin and Steranko Segretto Steranko etc.

#57/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in The Incal with Moebius and Charlie Gideon Face gets going again. Plus Fernandez Jones Sanjulian etc.

#58/MARCH 82 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featured Dick Millerick's A Life in the Day a surrealistic look at the life of an average man Starring Nevil T. Bagpipe Esq. Mainly brings us the First Out Plus our regulars. Morrissey Der Plus Corben etc Enjoy.

#59/APRIL 82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. Wrap with Claveloux Chaykin Mucha Bilal and an essay on O Bellaic. Joy Plus Buddy Hill Our 5th

#60/MAY 82 In this issue we give you the first part of David Black's Third Sexual Revolution and all your looks at The Art of De Es Schanzberger. Plus Sexton and Variety by Trait Wilson and Vallely.

#61/JUNE 82 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Comic Issue Main artists Vess Caza Sutton and P Crumb. A surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuiten and Fernandez Enjoy.

#62/JULY 82 Mezzo and Lt come's strange tale of the Cirque and pages from Corben's Fagin into Fantasy Part 2 of Black's Third Sexual Revolution. Plus Jones Garcia Druillet etc.

#63/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's Frank Show and Pau and Mangels The Ape. Plus the finale of The Incal Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#64/SEPTEMBER 82 We give you Hechos Music by Eric Intrieri. Lopez's Barbarian and Rangel's Dejah Plus our regulars Bilal Fernandez Kerkegaard etc.

#57/OCTOBER 82 You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has every living bork Edgar Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone. P.S. Last part of Black's Third Sexual Revolution.

#58/NOVEMBER 82 Part of Kahuna's Starstruck Freyley's Mo Arcane continues as do Den II and Wrightson's National Lampoon's cover Romero.

#59/DECEMBER 82 A Wet Stone Gallery the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mark Fresser's Asking Man. Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Kerkegaard.

#70/JANUARY 83 We bring the strangest comics on to Wrightson's Freak Show a look at The Cave Crystal and our regulars Manara Corben Fernandez etc. Happy reading.

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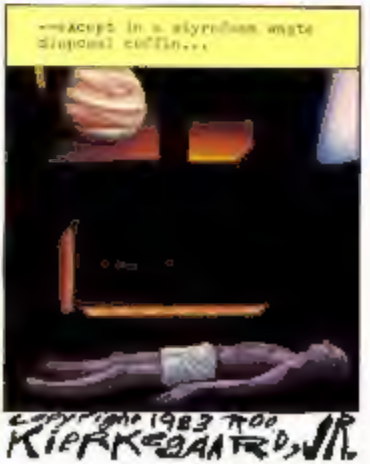
SERGEANT ROCK OPERA!
STUMBLE!

Once nestled in the lap of luxury aboard the "Love Craft," Marty and I had been drafted--
--And sent to Burrakis, the infamous boot camp planet of the Imperial Star Guards.
After lights out, we met in the latrine to discuss our situation.
I've got to get out of here, pal--I can't march another step, and the food... eat me with a spoon.
Come on, Marty--the cultured rat-waste isn't so bad....
That's easy for you to say. I was headed to the top. I could have been the interstellar Gabe Kaplan--I had the medallions!
Poor Marty. The days crawled by in an agonizing blur of drilling and Pillage & Plunder practice--punctuated by the roar of Sgt. Webfoot....

Alright, you cesspool FILTH, you miserable cesspot EXCREMENT-- your swishing makes me PUKE!
YES SIR, DRILL SERGEANT, SIR!
Let's see 20 more laps around the compost HOUSE PIG!
What's the matter, Sgt. Webfoot?
Hello, Sgt. Ringworm.
Well, I just can't stand the feeling that the man hate me. I need to find some kind of gestalt group.
Well, I'm going off on an EST weekend tomorrow. Wanna come?
Boot-camp wasn't always hell.
We got to practice blasting targets with our laser guns--
--and falling down in twos whenever a single shot was fired.



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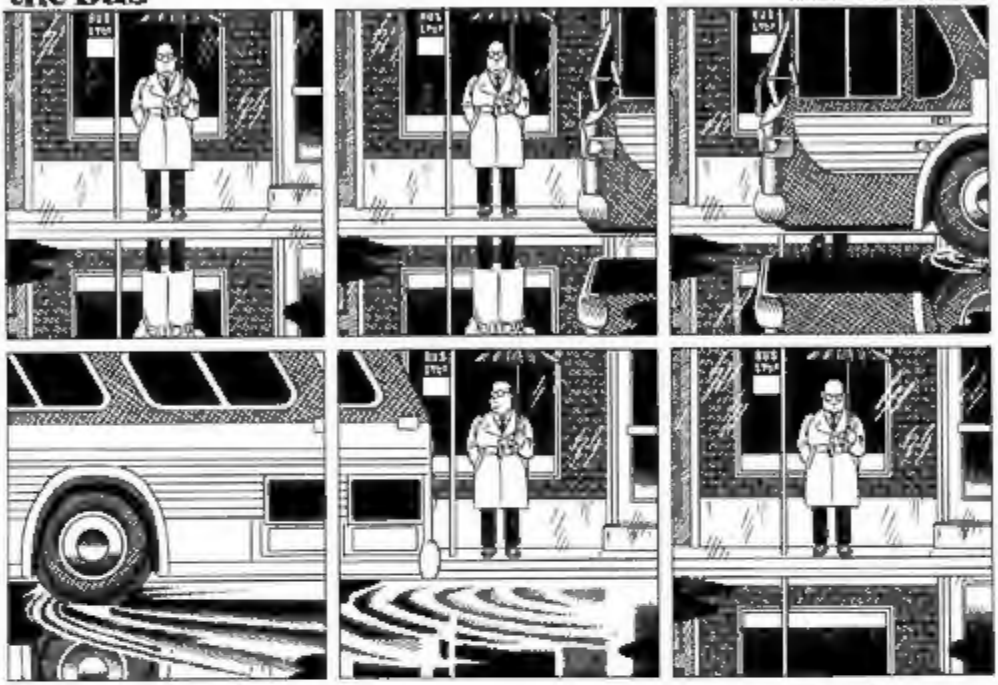

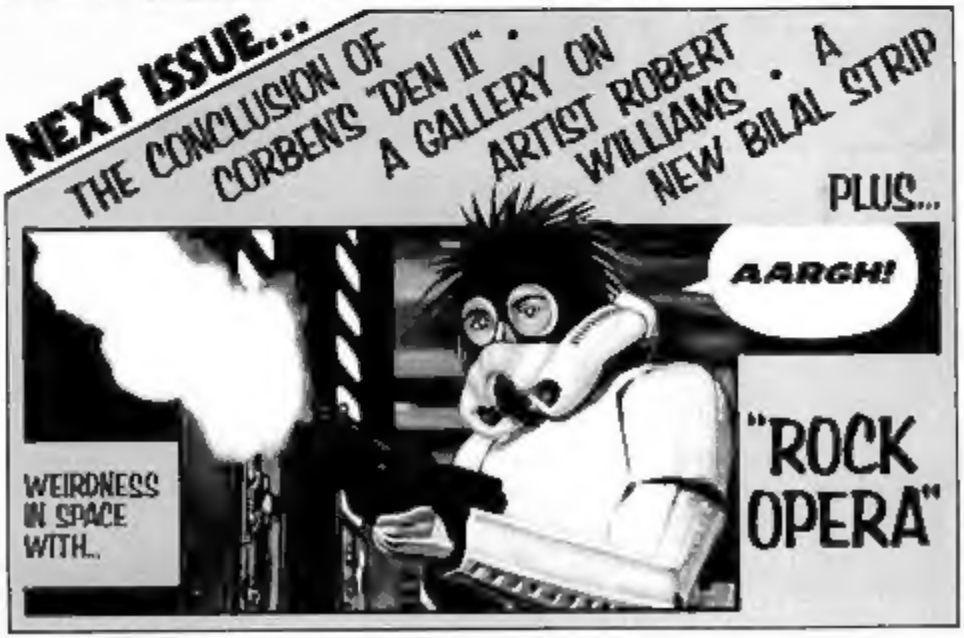
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